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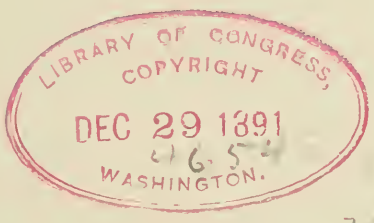

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Sonnet 65

"Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright."

— *Shakspeare.*

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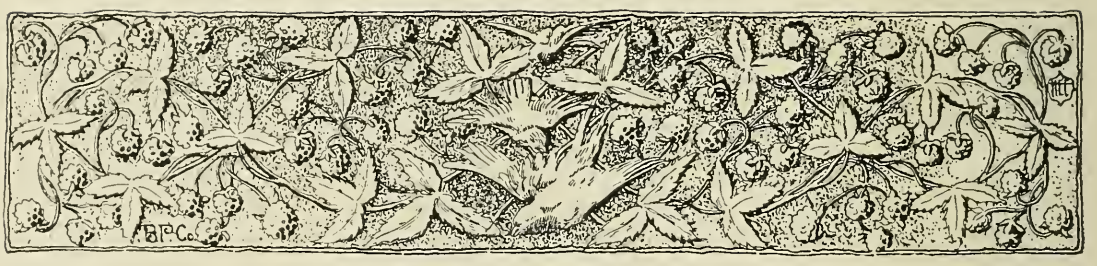
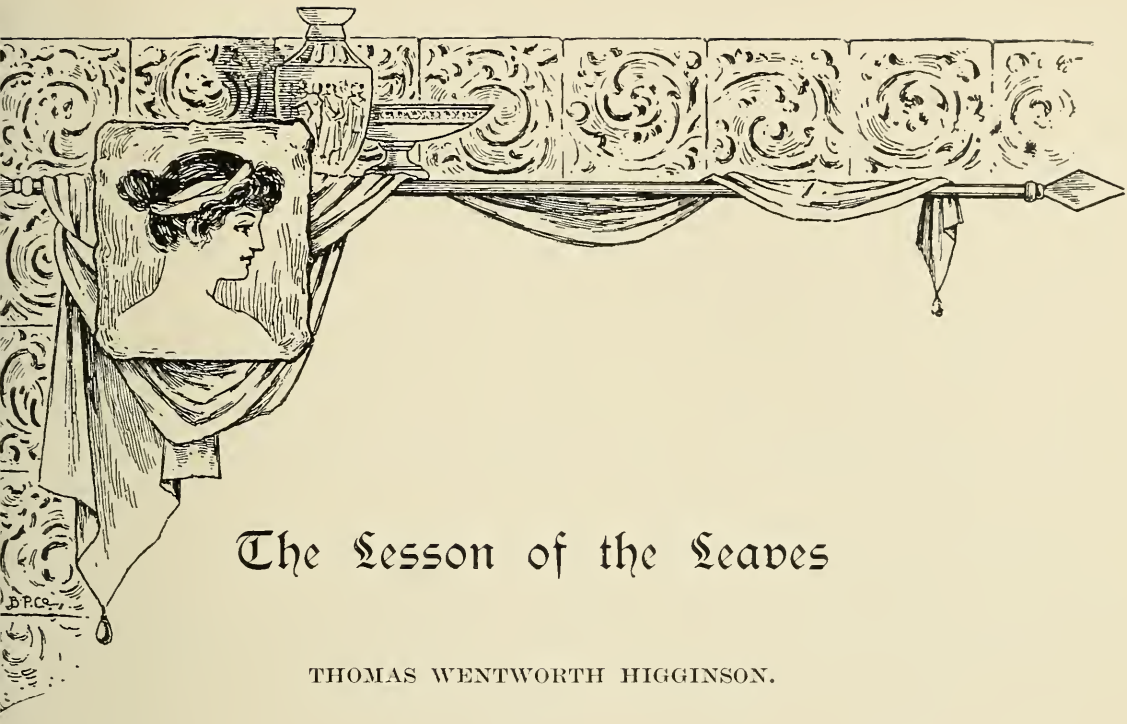




The Lesson of the Leaves

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

O THOU who bearest on thy thoughtful face
The wearied calm that follows after grief,
See how the autumn guides each loosened leaf
To sure repose in its own sheltered place.
Ah, not forever whirl they in the race
Of wild forlornness round the gathered sheaf,
Or hurrying onward in a rapture brief
Spin o'er the moorlands into trackless space.
Some hollow captures each; some sheltering wall
Arrests the wanderer on its aimless way;
The autumn's pensive beauty needs them all,
And winter finds them warm, though sere and gray.
They nurse young blossoms for the spring's sweet call,
And shield new leaflets for the burst of May.

The Dying Day

M. S. G.

THIS summer day is dying! Pulseless seems
Great Nature's throbbing heart. The hour
So still that in the golden sunset's gleams
Enchantment broods o'er field and flower!

A sombre pall is falling on the slope
Of yonder hillside; and all sound,
That tells to human hearts of love and hope,
Is hushed in silence most profound.

The trees have ceased to wave their leafy arms;
Unheard are all their soft refrains;
The whispering zephyrs, with their cooling charms,
Repose, as blushing daylight wanes.

The tranquil river dreams in peaceful sleep;
Its fancies portents of the night;
For in its depths the fleecy cloudlets creep,
And star-gems drop their tears of light.

Unto my spirit comes a holy calm,
Like unseen odors round me shed;
As if a hand divine hath laid its palm
In benedictions on my head.

Fainter yet the lessening light appears,
As night moves on its gloomy way!
The mourning skies dissolve in dewy tears,
And darkness shrouds the lifeless day.

And so, methinks, our own brief day may end,
When darkness shades our mortal eye;
So may, in love, the weeping heavens bend
In peaceful watchings where we lie.

Released.

G. W. DEVIN.

THE angel of peace, whom mortals call Death,
And fancy he seals life's fount with his breath,
Had entered that cell, so welcome a guest,
The prisoner wept and fell on his breast.
The fetters were loosed and cast on the floor;
Invisible hands flung open the door;
Unchallenged by guards, unnoted their flight,
In silence they passed from darkness to light.

Every Rose has its Thorn.

H. PETT.

I ONCE spied a rosebud,
Its petals unfolding,
The bee and the butterfly,
Around it were humming;
I gazed on its beauty,
And while thus beholding,
I reached forth to pluck it,
But, oh! how benumbing.

For though in much beauty,
'Twas sweetly reclining,
And on its fair bosom,
The dewdrop was shining,
Yet beneath it there lay,
A sharp thorn all concealed,
Quite unwilling it seemed,
Its fair cousin to yield.

So, too, is it often,
With some sweet human flower;
You seek to possess it,
But 'tis out of your power,
And though thornless it seems,
In beauty reclining,
Look at it quite closely,
You'll see the thorns shining.

The Lesson of the Stars.

EVA BELLE SIMMONS.

A WEARY gleaner in life's harvest field,
His heart bowed down with long and fruitless toil,
Stood gazing on the starry firmament,
Alone, save Nature's sweet companionship,
Which seemed a messenger from Nature's God.
The heavens — the universe — His praises speak;
And thus the weary soul was comforted
By one of these, His shining ministers:

"My shining orb, which, in the hazy light
Of your terrestrial atmosphere, doth seem
A point — a single spark — illuming space,
Would, in a nearer view, a purer air,
Become a spacious world. And even thus
Thy humble work, thy faintly gleaming light,
Will, in the atmosphere of love divine —
Love infinite and omnipresent — prove
More radiant than the starry hosts of heaven.

"Yon sister planet, which thou canst not see,
For myriad years sheds its effulgent light
Through space; and yet its swift-winged beams,
Unseen by human eyes, still travel on,
Untiring in their mission.

"Knowest thou not,
If now 'twere blotted from the universe,
Its rays would still, for thrice ten thousand years,
Pursue their journey through the realms of space?
So, though thy body perishes, shalt thou
Shine on in lives made better by thy life.

"And, as the stars go down to rise again,
So thou shalt rise, from out of the silent tomb,
Unto a purer life. Thy perfecting
Will still continue through eternity.
For know that God is patience infinite.
If He, whose breath can countless worlds create,
Long ages spent to mould this planet earth,
Which soon must melt in fervent heat — much more
Wilt thy immortal soul command His care.

"Thou canst not understand the secret laws
Which guide these orbs in their unerring course,
Nor yet the forces which control thy life.
But thou mayest know that all the woes of life —
Its jarring discords, blighted hopes — shall serve
As gravitation's laws, attracting us
To God — the center of the Universe."

Grief.

CY WARMAN.

THE first great grief that comes into a life
Seems hardest, for the heart has known no pain.
But, when each day brings greater care and strife,
And life endures, the heart must hope again.

Then looking back to pain from which we shrank,
To stony paths we trod with bleeding feet.
So bitter now the cup that what we drank
In other days to us would now seem sweet.

Suns and Sparrows.

JOSEPH COOK.

MANY an age God's globe has rolled,
Many a star His Palms enfold;
Frailest birds, head under wing,
Sleep in Him and wake to sing.

God to angels giveth food;
Sheltereth He the sparrow's brood;
Galaxies obey His call;
Marketh He the sparrow's fall.

Seas of suns to Heaven's dome
Anthems roll as ocean foam;
Sparrows in the woodlands dim
Sing their dawn and vesper hymn.

Holy, holy, holy He,
Light, Life, Love and Majesty;
His Infinities have song,
Which Eternities prolong.

Dazzled Heavens adore Thy face,
Endless Justice, endless Grace;
Thou hast broken prison bars,
Praise Thee all Thy ransomed stars.

In the orchestra divine,
Place give Thou to note of mine;
Day and night in Thee I rest,
Cling and sing within thy Breast.

Love Light.

WINGARD.

WHAT holy feelings should inspire the soul,
How pure should be the thoughts of him who sings
Of love, that old, old song which, always new,
Some heart is singing to another heart.
Profane it not with names of earth-born lust
And sensual desire, nor wed its high
Significance to meanings low and base.
Enshrined within the human breast, there is
An inner sanctuary of the Soul's
Best feelings, where our Life's Shekinah burns.
To enter in that sacred place, all vain
And foolish thoughts must first be laid aside;
White-robed or purified must be the heart's
High priest and priestess who would stand before
That Light which there sheds holy rays around.
Happy the one who thus can enter in,
Who hears the thrilling words, "Let there be Light!"
Break on the darkness which has wrapped his life,
And feels that now, henceforth, and ever more,
His soul will walk in brightness to the end.
Unloved, and loving no one, human life
Is but the marble statue in whose form
The spirit breaths not, or some massive pile
Cut from Siberian iceberg in the north,
Where domes, and fluted shafts, and arches grand
Glint back the frozen rays of polar sun—
Fair for the dazzled eye to gaze upon,
But oh! how cold and numbing to the touch!
Unloved, and loving no one, human life
Is narrowed to the petty sphere of self;
Like archer's arrow, featherless, it may
Make upward flight, but cannot pierce the cross,
And win the golden prize of happiness.
True life begins when love has warmed the heart—
A two-fold life, a mystic twain in one,
Wherein we cannot tell which one is self—
A life in which the me is lost in thee,

And where the rule by which we judge each word
And deed reads, "I am not my own but thine"—
The warm caress of lips where kisses soft
In playful ambush wait the welcome foe;
The glance which, from the depth of love-lit eyes,
Looks forth, and then retires in swift affright
Behind the silken fringe of dainty lids;
The lingering pressure of the captive hand,
And speaking clasp of fingers interlaced;
The smiles which chase each other "hide-and-seek,"
Like truant sun-beams, o'er the dimpled cheek,
Then fade like evening light in blushes soft;—
These are indeed sweet gifts which Love bestows;
And yet by these we cannot measure Love.
True Love, not only strews our life with flowers,
But teaches us to bravely meet its cares;
And in the calm discharge of daily tasks
Brings many a joy we wot not of.
Together, side by side, walking life's road,
Doing life's work, dividing joys and cares,
Their hearts increased in charity to God
And man, how blessed is the lot of those
On whom the gentle light of Love doth shine!

New Year Fancies.

GRACE HIBBARD.

FORGETTING the past — with its dreams
That faded away
Like the radiant dazzling colors of sunset
That came not to stay.

The fleecy white clouds — you fancied
Were castles most fair
With towers and turrets — with banners of sunbeams
Afloat in the air.

Forgetting the past — with its dreams
Like tales that are told,
Dream dreams brighter — aye, fairer than ever before
In years now grown old.

The Passing of the Sword.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

UP at the stroke of midnight,
Rose three tall forms abreast,
Each with a star-like taper
That lit his dark, strange vest;
A sword they bore between them,
Its hilt of woven gold,
Its blade wrought in Damascus
When steel was tried of old.

"We bring to-night," they chanted,
"The sword of chivalry"—
The sword whose swift defending
Made holy maidens free,—
The sword whose fierce avenging
Crowned mothers with the bliss
Of Love's divine protection,
And childhood's stainless kiss!

"We bring the sword unsullied,
That smote when Honor bade,
When Freedom built her altar
And all her sons were glad!
The sword that ne'er was lifted
Except by Honor's hand,
And none whose name was blackened
Before its edge could stand.

"What knightly hand is lifted
To grasp this brand to-night?
Upon its cross-hilt blazoned
A rune forever bright?
We pass the countless heroes
Who bore it once to fray,
And challenge one to claim it
And bear the prize away.

"Who answereth at the midnight
Where all the dead are laid
In holy ground, and sleeping
Sweetly and unafraid?
Beneath the carven granite
Can any hand uprise,
Or fire of life flash on us
From any dust-veiled eyes?"

A hush fell strange and solemn
On meadow and on wood,
The three forms, with their tapers,
All silent waiting stood.
Again their voices chanted,
"None cometh here to-night,
Bear off the sword forever,
With blade so keen and bright!"

Alone.

LYDIA PLATT RICHARDS.

ALONE, an alien, on a hostile shore;
Alone, alone, forever, ever more.
Alone, she turned eyes and tried to find
Some kindred soul, fraternal, friendly, kind.

Alone, the bleak crags tower, sublimely grand;
Alone, the rivers flow and high mounts stand;
Alone the planets and comets run;
Alone, revolve the moon and glowing sun.

Alone! Ah, yes, alone, too soon she found
Herself far out, above, beyond the bound
Where the prudent venture in their timid quest;
She walked alone—had distanced all the rest.

Behold, her fate! Her grim reward was this:
To journey, lone, and friendly comrades miss.
O solitude! The deepest, darkest known,
Those thinkers find who strike out far alone.

Autumn Musings.

E. M. P. BRISTER.

THE blue, autumnal haze
  Half hides the slumbrous hills;
The mellow, golden days
  Have come, and plenty fills
The home and heart of man,
  While peace and quiet reign
Beneath the blue dome's span
  O'er all the glad domain.

The fleeting year is almost gone,
  The sands of time run slow,
The stream of life moves sluggishly,
  Its pulse is ebbing low;
There is a languor in the air,
  A peace that o'erbroods all,
A quiet restfulness most rare—
  The spirit, calm of Fall.

And yet, it is such days as this
  That give my heart most pain
And fill my soul with dreams of bliss
  My life can ne'er attain;
Such days, when to my longing eyes
  Will start unbidden tears
For hopes that brightened Paradise,
  All perished with the years!

The Muse.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

No sooner doth one song depart,
  In fancy's realm to soar,
Another stands outside my heart,
  And taps upon the door.

Forty Years Ago.

BY EMILIE CLARE ALLANSON.

I'M sitting alone in the twilight,
  Thinking and dreaming of yore;
The sweet apple-blooms on the breezes
  Float in at window and door;
The west, like a broad sea of silver,
  Is warmed in the setting sun's glow,
And calls to remembrance the eve-tide
  Of forty long summers ago.

The hills clad in green round the "Hollow,"
  Their broad arms protectingly flung,
While the song birds, the bees and the brooklet
  A medley of melody sung.
Confusion was sweet as we lingered
  To catch the last rosy-tinged glow,
The hand-clasp, the promise, the parting,
  Of forty long summers ago!

We pictured no plans for the future—
  We lost not a moment in doubt—
We were never betrayed into longing
  For what we were rich in without;—
So rich that our world seemed enchanted,
  And a charm over all was aglow,
As we walked and we talked in the gloaming,
  Of forty long summers ago!

Now, adown life's dim twilight I wander
  In a far distant land, all alone,
And I listened in vain for your footstep—
  In vain your melodious tone;
I long for your tender embraces,
  But no fond arm about me you throw,
And I sigh for the old-time caresses
  Of forty long summers ago!

I shall walk all alone to the river,
  And meet the cold rush of the wave,
For my life's sun is low in the westward,
  And my feet feel the dews of the grave;
But, dearest, remember to meet me,
  If first the dark journey I go,
And we'll wander in Eden together,
  As in forty long summers ago!

Happenings.

CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

AS I carelessly walked by the sea one day,
  I passed by a boatman who quietly lay
Upon the warm sand, with his rod by his side,
A boat anchored near, on the rippling tide.
Why did he lie there so idle, and wait?
Were there no fishes to catch with his bait?
    Ah me!
  Why did the boatman wait?

A maiden swung lightly her hammock near by;
Her ringlets were golden, her eyes like the sky;
A song like an echo of love filled the air,
As pure as the morning, as trustful as prayer.
Adown by the sea rocked the boat to and fro;
The waves were alight with the sun's afterglow.
    Ah me!
  Why sang the maiden so low!

At eve I returned from my walk by the cliff;
Two lovers I saw as they entered the skiff;
The stars were now glinting and dimpling above,
The pines were still sighing their vespers of love;
The moon beams were thrusting their darts through the tree
Where the hammock was swinging—now idle and free.
    Ah me!
  Two lovers were gliding on over the sea.

Love's Song.

YES, the song is old as June,
But the Muse who sings the dear old tune,
Re-sets it each time without changing her key,
And though you may wonder how this can be,

You will see at once, that a flat or a sharp
Would ruin the strings of a delicate harp,
So her song must ever be sung, you see,
In the same old sweet, but natural key!

But the cunning Muse adapts it well
To the tender words she has to tell;
Thus it's new to you, and new to me,
This same old song in its natural key!

Night.

M. J. LOCHEMES.

IN solemn grandeur rests the night;
The endless skies o'erspreading
The myriad stars are coming on,
Their wonted pathway treading.

O peace so sweet! O silent world!
All toil and sorrow ending,
While chanting angels through the fields
Their shining course are wending.

Adown the sky a shooting star
Now falls, its neighbors greeting.
A bell is calling from afar,
Some heart has ceased its beating.

In the Court of the King.

FLORANCE MAY ALT.

THE armor hung high in the tapestried hall
Where the knights and the nobles were banqueting all;
Their shields laid aside and their lances ensheathed,
And the tall silver flagons with ivy enwreathed.
The fumes of the wine-cups like incense arose,
While the monarch who drank had forgotten his foes;
And the might of his laugh made the rose-garlands swing—
There was feasting and mirth in the court of the king.

Only one voice was still in the shout or the song,
And one face was sad in the midst of the throng.
Rinaldo, the jester, and Lillo, his son,
Had frolicked together in days that were done;—
But Lillo was looking his last upon earth,
Within sight of the lights, within sound of the mirth.
What wonder the father had no songs to sing,
Who thought of his child in the court of the king.

The banquet went on, and the torches up flared.—
If the son of the jester were dying—who cared?
"Ho! rouse there, Rinaldo," the king said again,
"My minstrels are tiring,—take thou up the strain."—
Then the jester advanced to the foot of the throne;
He silenced their stories and told them his own,
And, waiting the mercy his service might bring,—
He silently knelt at the feet of the king.

The monarch was frowning (Rinaldo, thy fears
Have cause, for the world has no patience with tears)
"What—Lillo," he answered: "This nonsense for him?"
The eyes of the jester were raised now and dim;
"Why trouble my feasting with thy trifling woes?
Come, sing, I command thee!" The jester arose
And sang;—but his voice felt his heart's broken string,
And seemed to drop tears in the court of the king.

The banquet went on, and the wine-cup went round
Till foes were forgotten, and caution was drowned;
And a stranger pushed in and stole unawares
Past nobles who nodded or slept in their chairs.
With soft steps he crept to the foot of the throne —
The minstrels, too, nodded. — Rinaldo alone
Saw the steel in his hand, and with one sudden spring
Had saved the king's life in the court of the king.

Descending, the dagger was sheathed in the heart
Of Rinaldo, the jester, who, playing the part
Of a motley-garbed court-fool when living — lay dead,
With the crown of a HERO. The murderer fled
Past the courtiers startled, who heard, in the dim
Morning light, from the convent, the nun's matin hymn.
And Rinaldo, the jester — ah! sweet, solemn thing,—
Met with Lillo once more in the court of A KING.

The Poet's Invocation to His Muse.

CLALVEN L. BETTS.

O SWEET, my muse, my Philomela, sing!
Be kind and joyous with the genial May!
Lo, how with music croft and pasture ring!
The sun doth usher in a blithesome day:—
O sweet, my muse, my Philomela, sing!

Dear mistress, mine, no more to coyness hold!
Come sheep from wattled fold across the height;
The little birds, whose tongues were chilled with cold,
Now chant their matins in a shrill delight;—
Dear mistress mine, no more to coyness hold!

Dost see the pearls shook from the robes of morn
That twinkle bright on twig and tender grass,
Lit by the sun, who circling forth is borne
Upon his chariot wheeled with flamy brass?
Dost see the pearls shook from the robes of morn?

Break into music, let thy song o'erflow
The minor anthems of the woodland throng!
Be not uncivil while I woo thee so,
But let thy voice be resonant and strong!
Break into music, let thy song o'erflow!

Mild maiden of the lute and cadenced voice
Still kindly with thy servant's prayer comply!
Thou art my love, for thee I left the choice
Of riches and of favors proud and high;
Mild maiden of the lute and cadenced voice!

Yea, Philomela, muse, thou hold'st my heart;
Without thee it can never grow to aught;
The spring is sere without thee, for thou art
The inner May-time and the bloom of thought;—
Yea, Philomela, muse, thou hold'st my heart!

O dearest one, the flowers love to hear
  Thy harmonies! have they not souls as fair
As the winged words that nestle in the ear
  And fill the mind with visions sweet and rare?
O dearest one, the flowers love to hear!

Then sweet my muse, my Philomela, sing!
  'Twill soon be time to take life's dusty way—
Tune all my heart to melodies of spring
  While I my tribute on thine altar lay:
O sweet my muse, my Philomela, sing!

Woman's Silence

CY WARMAN.

'TAINT no use to woo a woman
When she thinks she wants to talk;
'Cause a woman's only human
And you'd better take a walk
Till she simmers down and settles.
When a woman's on her ear
What she has to say in silence
Is the pleasantest to hear.

'Taint no use to try to crowd her,
'Cause she's bound to say her say.
You talk loud, and she'll talk louder,
So it's best to break away.
When she's in the upper octave,
Better wander from her view;
For the song she sings in silence
Is the sweetest song for you.

But you can coax her, and caress her,
And she'll melt and run to you
Like the 'lasses on your pancakes
In your boyhood used to do.
If you have a sorrow, tell her,
Then just watch the tear-drops fall;
And the sighs she sighs in silence
Are the saddest sighs of all.

When you ask a girl to marry,
And she hangs on what you've said,
While your hope hangs on her answer,
And the moon hangs overhead;
When you seem to see the thoughts she
Thinks, and kind'er feel her fall,
That's her answer, said in silence;
'Tis the sweetest word of all.

A Christmas Canto

W. Y. DEMAREE.

AGAIN the centuries speed their way,
And men's vile passions still hold sway;
Kingdoms, empires, nations rise,
And spread beneath all eastern skies;
Huge temples build from zone to zone,
While Ignorance bows to gods of stone.
The gates of Janus stand ajar,
And fiercely rage the flames of war;
The earth shakes 'neath vast armies' tread;
The world grows weary of her dead,
For millions of the sons of men
Shall ne'er know love or hate again.
Down thro' the future long and dark
War's echoing sounds grow faint — when, hark!
As gently as morn drives back the night,
A voice says, "Peace" — The Lord of Night!
"Peace!" Hallelujahs glad hearts yield,
While armies march from off the field.
Thus nations turn from war at last,
And Rome the reins of rule holds fast:
Augustus mounts the imperial throne,
And all the world at peace is known.
That glorious day, by prophets old
In Hebrew Scriptures oft foretold,
Was coming, when those sages wise
A star should see in eastern sikes —
A star that spoke "good will to men" —
That wondrous "Star of Bethlehem."
A heavenly choir comes from on high
And touches with celestial fire
The hearts of shepherds in the fields,
To them the wondrous news reveals.

What news reveals?
That in a mansion diamond-decked
And royal chamber richly flecked
With jewels rare, and tapestry,
Bright gems from out each pearly sea;
On couch as soft as filmy down,
With broidered curtains hanging round,
Was born a king of earthly mould
Whose power was found in sordid gold?
No! This was not the wondrous sight
That God and angels on that night
Forsook the courts of heaven and flew
Down thro' those starry worlds to view.
But shouting, shining, glorious throng!
By blazing worlds and suns they come
To Bethlehem's manger — humble sight!
Where lay the world's new king that night —
A king whose sway of peace and love
To all the world, in time, should prove
A power to keep the apostate race
From Death's foul chamber, hell's disgrace.
O grand event! O glorious King!
In manger born while angels sing!
Couldst Thou have come with courtly gild;
Couldst Thou have had huge coffers filled;
Couldst thou have sat on regal throne,
And waved a scepter widely known;
Couldst Thou have wrapped in kingly gown,
And worn on brow a golden crown,
Then Abraham's stock and David's seed
Would glad have owned Thee king indeed!
But Thou didst choose that humble way,
And brought to each a brighter day;
By Love's strong power, ne'er used in vain,
Thou drawest the world to God again.

Whither?

PAULINE CARRINGTON RUST.

OH! pale, dead lips, unlock and tell your story—
We would the depths of all this mys'ery know.
White hands, unclasp, and point through realms of glory
The onward way these cold, still feet did go.

Was it through trackless paths of star-lit beauty,
Where sweetest flowers their softest fragrance throw?
Was it where tempests rage in sullen duty
Amidst the regions of the silent snow?

And did you brave the journey all alone?
Or were you guided by an angel hand
That led you from the wailing of Life's moan
Through Death's dark tide unto the After Land?

Alas! this torturing agony of doubt!
The anguish of thine absence I could bear,
If I but *knew* the life that seems gone out
Was burning on and shining still, somewhere.

Yet no response—only this cruel stillness.
Dead lips keep secrets well—ay, surely well;
Repose is written in thy face's chillness,
And that is all the story I may spell.

Then learn, my heart, to bear this bitter aching;
When night is past, then evil dreams all go;
And when along the East the dawn is breaking,
I shall awake and all this mystery know.

Waiting

SIDNEY E. POWELL.

WHY do I wait? In all the realm
Of Nature there is no waiting.
The dews of Heaven, the beams of light
And warmth, the bird that flies on tired wing
And brings its food from far, all
Wait not, but press to do the will
Of Him who sends them on their way.
Were all His instruments to wait
And drowsily and idly sit and let
The speeding time fly by, what dire things,
What chaos, would this woeful world upset?
But every part of all His great machine
Works ceaselessly, and well fulfills
The vast appointments of His will;
All nature, from the glorious sun
E'en to the tiniest drop of dew
That falls on some obscure and hidden flower.
And yet that form of Nature
Which, mixed with higher things, is known as man,
Would idly wait; and arrogating to himself
The right no creature has,
Would squander time, not spend it
For his Maker's will; would sleep and dream
And, waking for a moment, see
With wonder, and perchance remorse,
That all his life is spent and lost.

Why do I wait? Have I assurance meet
Of time enough to work my mission out?
What is it rises like a wall 'twixt me
And all I fain would do?
Is it the barrier of His will that holds me back,
Or can it be the sluggard's craven heart
Within my breast that bids me wait
Some easier way, some fitter time,
To do the work my better nature craves to do?
Oh! Thou who didst this complex nature strange

In Thy great wisdom frame, teach me
To know Thy will, and knowing it
Oh! give the God-like pow'r to break the chain
That holds me back from doing it.

Poesy

MRS. M. WINTERMUTE.

THE touch—the voice, naught but the soul can hear
The thrill, the bliss, that tells me heaven is near—
Is poesy; where God's thoughts, let to flow,
Awaken songs not of this world below.

Upon the border land I long did wait,
With sight and sound my spirit all elate,
Around me rained the sunshine and away
Swept vistas and eternal heights of day.

And spirits came to blend their love with mine.
I felt no touch, saw no material sign;
But kisses such as earth has never known
From heavenly hearts into my heart were sown;
And in the perfect bliss—the flood of day—
Their call to me was, "Come, oh come away!"
A little nearer and a shadow stole
Between its source and my uplifted soul,
And there was groping for the fire divine
To quicken hope, and finest sense rejoice;
Reaching for vital faith which God can feel
The garment hem that still hath power to heal.

Still nearer—all the wondrous heights are starred
Forever higher, yet forever barred,
By cherubim that stand with sword aflame
Revealing naught but by *one password* name
That dropped from heaven, the very heart of God,
Unto the world His pierced feet have trod.

For vision such as faith alone hath eye—
For nearing bliss still undefied I sigh,
For light and love still unattained I yearn,
And all my being toward His face I turn.

The Falling of the Snow

HENRY ED. NOTHOMB.

AS I stand by my chamber window
And gaze far over the lea,
The brush of an unseen painter
Is changing the world for me;
Arched low are the curtained heavens,
Around is the falling snow
Which floats with a quiet grandeur
To the dull, dark earth below.

I can catch a glimpse of the sunlight
Which breaks through the leaden cloud,
And dances in radiant gladness
With the silent, elfin crowd,
While the forest trees enveloped
Like unyielding guardsmen, stand
And watch the great transformation
That will beautify the land.

Full oft have I watched the snowflakes—
That vast and unsullied throng
That heralds the coming of Winter,
And sports that he brings along;
And each time has my heart re-echoed
The song that was sung without,
And chorded, in joyful measure,
With the youthful laugh and shout.

For it seems, with the falling snowflakes,
Past hours have come back to me,
And my heart is filled with the music
And spirit of childish glee,
As, devoid of the world's dark malice,
Devoid of its homage given,
I walk in the path of childhood—
The way that is near to Heaven.

And it seems that life's disappointments
Must surely have been deferred,
For Hope, on its airy pinions,
Soars high as a mountain bird,
And all of life's care and worry,
And all of its needless woe,
Have fled from the heart's warm precincts
With the falling of the snow.

Romeo and Juliet

R. LOVEMAN.

OH, Moon, didst thou see, that night, sweet night,
'Neath thy mellow beams, and the stars aglow,
Juliet, with eyes of love and light,
Close in the arms of Romeo?
And Moon, hast thou seen to-night, sad night,
How Verona ran with bated breath,
And wept at the piteous, cruel sight
Of the ill-starred pair in the arms of death?

Hopes

RUTH WARD KAHN.

OUR hopes in youth are like those roseate shadows,
Cast by the sunlight on the dewy grass
When first the fair morn opes her purple eyes;
They seem gigantic and yet graceful shades
Touched with bright color. As our sun of life
Rises toward meridian, less and less
Grow the bright, tremulous shadows, till at last
In the hot dust and noontide of our day
They all are lost.

The Grave of Theo. Koerner, at Woebbelin.

P. ILGEN.

OUT of the reign of shadows and death,
At Woebb'lin an oak tree is growing;
Sadly it bows its dark, branchy head
Over a grave—on which thousands have shed
Tears—for a hero th'were flowing.

Silence all over—I listen in prayer
The song of the night wind so sweetly
The oak leaves are trembling in the twilight air,
They tremble and grieve for the poet—so fair.

In death as in life—they greet thee;
Who is the poet that found here rest
When the strings of his harp were tearing?
It is Koerner, the poet, so heavenly blessed,
It is Koener, the hero, with his blood-stained breast,
For "Freedom or death" he was swearing.

Far from his loved ones he fell in the fight,
With him his sword and his lyre,
Offering on the altar for Freedom and Right,
Kissed from the gold of the east rising light
His death song—the battle fire.

O! be remembered in word and song,
Be written on history's pages,
Thou Koerner—in deed so great, so strong,
Thou poet—so sweet and fair in song
Be praised through all the ages.

The Wild Bee

A. F. O'BEIRNE.

I COME at morn, when dewdrops bright
Are twinkling on the grasses,
And woo the balmy breeze—in flight
That o'er the heather passes.

I swarm with many blithesome wings
That join me in my ramble,
When seeking for the honied things
Of heath and hawthorn bramble;

And languidly amidst the sedge
When noontide is most stilly,
I loll beside the water's edge,
And climb into the lily.

I fly throughout the clover crops
Before the evening closes,
Or swoon amid the amber drops
That swell the pink moss roses.

At times I take a longer route,
In cooling Autumn weather,
And gently murmur 'round about
The purple-tinted heather.

To poesy I am a friend,
I go with fancy linking,
And all my airy knowledge lend
To aid the poet's thinking.

Deem not these little eyes are dim
To every sense of duty,
We owe a certain debt to Him
Who clad this earth in beauty.

And therefore I am never sad,
A burden homeward bringing,
But help to make the summer glad
In my own way of singing.

When idlers seek my honied wine,
In wantonness to drink it,
I sparkle from the columbine
Like some forbidden trinket.

Oh! heartless man, if all your tact
And power to me were given,
I would not wound by word or act
The things beloved of Heaven.

That so I should not fear the close—
The final rest before me—
But lay me down beneath some rose,
Its dewdrops weeping o'er me.

The Wind

R. LOVEMAN.

The wind came up from the balmy south,
Came merrily dancing everywhere,
He kissed my lady's rosebud mouth,
And slept in the coils of her shining hair.

Then waked and away to the open sea,
Swifter than hungry hawk or fox,
And angrily dashed with demoniac glee,
A giant ship against the rocks.

Child of the Sea

CHARLES W. HILLS.

NOT from Nirvana of ecstatic ease,
Nor Eden of repose,
But faint from conflict, lord of conquered peace,
Aspiring man arose.

All life is one, so runs the newer thought;
I was through times foregone,
When love and hate were dumb and sex was not
Æons ago, by tokens known,

I slept inert, prone on the primal strand;
A wave whose touch was bliss,
Moon-drawn, crept up along the singing sand
And woke me with a kiss

To larger life. Still, as that wave returns
When wan moons wax apace,
A buried memory wakes and sobs and yearns
In mothers of my race.

Still, passing tremors dash the deep sea calm
That broods upon the bride—
Like Hebrew maiden, fair as Orient palm,
Like Leah, tender-eyed.

The gray mist falls, the vexing cyclone breaks
In vague unrest on me;
In cloudy mood and halting stanza speaks
The travail of the sea.

An urban slave, faring through ways remote,
I see the sea-blown woods
Etched on the clouds, and hear the thunderous rote
Of ever-moving floods.

I dream of sunken cliffs and sunless dells—
A wrinkled pall of waves
Round all, where artists of the tiny shells
Pile marble over graves.

Keep thou the tryst, O Sea, with child of thine,
And once again repeat
The tale of cycles gone! for, Mother-mine,
Thy cradle song was sweet.

At the Organ

CHESTER WOOD.

IN summer when through the windows
The moonlight dreamily falls,
Or when red gleams from the fireplace
Flit over the floor and walls,

Then in the shadowy silence
I finger the unseen keys,
And bring from the glorious organ
For myself strange melodies.

And 'tis then I seem in spirit
To be borne away afar,
'Till I reach the enchanted regions
Where the realms of Dreamland are.

For then of the grand and noble
I dream, and the good and fair,
And friends the beloved and absent,
I seem to behold them there.

And thrilled by each mystic influence
The quiet gladness expands,
Filling all of my being
Even as then by my hands

The organ is touched, and music
Floats in the air of the room,
Filling the moonlight and firelight,
And filling the shade and gloom.

A Withered Flower

E. S. HULIN.

HOW oft we do this caption see,
  Above the sonnet of some youth;
To praise some flower of shrub or tree—
  Its life and death the only truth.

But in my walks of yesterday,
  I saw a flower 't seemed struck with death;
The petals and the leaves all lay—
  Beyond all signs of vital breath.

That flower was reared by love and care
  Of parents, sisters, brothers—all;
But now the tears that all can spare
  Cannot new life again recall.

No care or dress, of root or spray,
  Of friends of that once lovely flower
Can send to root or stem one ray
  Of health or life's renewing power.

A fiend in manly form and shape,
  With winning ways, and wily power,
Did often seek, for "*friendship's sake*,"
  To sit beneath that lovely flower.

But when that fiend had taken leave,
  The signs of health all shrank away;
Nor filial care of those who grieve,
  That shrinking, pining blight could stay.

The Echo

J. R. HART.

WITHOUT body, soul or tongue;
Without vocal chord or lung;
Without life—inanimate—
Without form, and void of shape;
Intangible to all sight,
Touch, taste and scent, I in light
Or in darkness may exist,
Since these do not me resist.
The two things for which I care
Are simply sound and the air,
Without which I cannot be,
These, and these alone form me.

Every language known I speak,
Be it whisper, grunt or shriek,
For all sounds which float in air,
Every noise the breezes bear,
I repeat them, truly each.
The owlets uncanny screech;
Scream of panther; squeal of boar;
Trumpet of elephant; roar
Of lion; the thunder clap;
Bugler's blast; drummer's tap;
Salvos sharp of musketry;
Booming of artillery
And stamp of cavalry feet,
All these are mine to repeat.

To the gay I am jolly;
Answer fools with like folly;
And to wits who with me jest,
I give them back, their very best;
And the wise who talk with me
Answer I most learnedly,
While with women I've conferred,
With each I've had the last word.

The Benediction

L. ADDA NICHOLS.

"GRACE, mercy and peace," the pastor said
At the close of the Sabbath day,
"Be with you now and evermore."
And the people went their way,
From Sabbath rest to week-day work;
And I wondered if the spell
Of the blessed benediction given,
Would guard their footsteps well
From dangers seen and unseen oft
That crowd a busy life.
Would the blessed peace of the Master calm
The fever and the strife?

"Grace, mercy and peace," three living words
Of sweetness and of power;
O linger with us evermore,
As on the Sabbath hour;
"Grace" that giveth strength when fails
The help of human hand;

"Peace" that calms the troubled heart,
Ever at Christ's command;
"Mercy" that cometh from above
Earth's weary ones to bless,
And spreads o'er all its healing wings,
The wings of tenderness.

To the South Wind.

H. B. CARTER.

WHENCE those rich strains of music from the dell,
So gently stealing o'er the woodlands mute,
Sometimes like the æolian's rapturous swell,
Then like the cadence of some fairy lute,
Or deepening to a low and mournful tone,
Like Memnon mourning for Aurora gone?

'Tis the low wailing of the southern wind
Singing Boreas' requiem wild and sweet,
Like yearnings of a heart to grief inclined
Which longs some sympathizing breast to meet,
Thou bringest tidings of those sunny climes,
Where wave the orange groves, the fragrant limes.

Why comes a voice so sad from those fair isles,
Where flourish flowers of beauty passing rare,
Where the bright glorious sun perpetual smiles,
And birds of brilliant plumage wing the air,
And dark-eyed maids beneath palmetto trees
Entrance the air with witching melodies?

They say your sun is warmer far than ours,
Your stars are brighter and your skies more blue;
No chilling, blasting tempest round you lowers,
No dark'ning clouds obscure their azure hue,
And those who sing we deem of happy heart,
Who know no grief nor feel afflictions smart.

What tales of sorrow, then, hast thou to tell?
Why comest thou weeping to our distant shore?
Though thy soft tears, like mercy's gentle spell,
Revive our deepening landscape evermore.
Are there no kindred souls, sweet Zephyr, say,
That thou dost mourn in lands so far away?

Is it the cry of those of bygone years?
From Peru's hills or Montezuma's halls,
Whose story like some magic dream appears,
Whose blood aloud to heaven for vengeance calls,
Leaving on Spain a blot of infamy
Blacker than aught on page of history?

Sigh on, sweet wind, and tell thy mournful tale
Loud to the rocks, and hills, and forest wide;
But whisper softly through the mountain vale,
Where the wind flowers and the arbutus hide.
Thou'rt ever welcome to this land and me
'Tis nature's music, nature's harmony.

My Sylvan Study.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

THIS is my oratory: studious, oft
I come, at morn, at eve, to this retreat:
Wild is the bower and ancient is the seat;
My chair, a rock with grass and mosses soft

Fringed and enameled. In a neighboring croft
My children sport not far from my own door,
Searching out leaves and flowers, a beauteous store;
The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft;

Round me grouped silvery birches, thorns full flushed
With milky blossoms; on my open page
Lie shadowy leaves jeweled in golden light.
— And, hark! a voice, whose music straight is hushed!
Quick-pattering steps my partial ear engage,
And little Golden-hair laughs on my sight.

Dear Heart!

E. P. ROBERTS.

DEAR heart! I mind me well when we were lovers,
Life seemed so sweet to us, had such a golden glow;
Our very thoughts like happy birds were singing,
In those glad days of Spring, so long, so long ago.

We roamed together through the fields and meadows;
We gathered flowers in quiet nooks and sheltered ways;
We gave our heart's best gifts, each to the other,
And Heaven seemed very near to us those blessed days.

There came a time, dear heart, we stood together,
And spoke the solemn words that made us one for life—
It makes my pulse bound now when I remember,
How proud and glad I was to claim you as my wife.

How fast the years have flown since that fair morning,
We started on our journey up life's rugged way,
Our Father's loving hand has safely led us
Through storm and sunshine, to this quiet autumn day.

Hold fast my hand, dear heart, and let me tell you,
How good and true, and faithful you have always been;
God has been very good to give me such a treasure,
And make my life so blest above the most of men.

How well I can remember the first nestling
That came to make our happy home more bright and blest;
I see as though it were but yester evening,
Our Mary, sweetly sleeping on your loving breast.

And then came Rob, and Roy, our two-fold treasures;
So bright—and how they grew! So happy, strong and well—
We watched them every hour, like flowers unfolding,
And loved them so! Ah! more than words of mine can tell.

And then came Grace, one sunny spring-time morning,
Our precious little lambkin—dearest of them all;
A blessing always in her happy childhood,
And when she grew a maiden, sweet, and fair, and tall.

Ours was a happy home—so full of sunshine—
Each day our hearts were filled with thankfulness and praise;
Then, Mary sickened, and we watched her fading,
Knowing we must submit, in faith, and trust God's ways.

And then our country called for men to rally
Around its flag. There was no choice for aught but to obey.
Our noble boys went forth to fight its battles--
Alas! a soldier's grave enfolds them both to-day.

Don't cry, dear heart; I know 'twas hard to lose them—
And then our Grace—and we two growing weak and old;
But now we know 'twas best; we soon shall meet them
And fondly clasp them to our hearts, midst joys untold.

If it should chance that I should go before you,
'Twill only be a very little time that we must part;
I could not be content in Heaven without you!
So I shall watch and wait for you, dear heart! dear heart!

"Beholding as in a Mirror."

IDA W. HARRISON.

THIS rugged rock whose front is rent
With many unsightly veins,
Hath caught some drops in pity sent
By summer's gentle rains.
And in each placid pool there lies
A mirrored picture true
Of silvery clouds that sail the skies,
And bit of heaven's own blue.

Didst thou complain thy face was plain,
Didst mourn thy lowly part?
O let God's love and mercy rain
Into thy opened heart!
Reflect thy Master's face divine,
Humbly, adoringly;
His glory over thee shall shine,
Transfigured thou shalt be.

To Lulu.

WESLEY COUCHMAN.

LUCRETIA set her pitcher by the mirror—
A limpid spring—and leaned her lithe form o'er,
Settling her dimpled foot hard by the shore
Coyly, as fear forbade the waters nearer.
When now the shimmering depths were somewhat clearer,
"Dewdrops," said she, "O tell me—tell once more:
Shall I to him be lovely as of yore?"
For all her words the waves could scarcely hear her,
Yet guessed they all, and murmured tremulously:
"Young color fades from flowers, but not from thee,
O fair Lucrece, and both thy rounded lips
Are sweeter than the dews the lily drips,
O sweet Lucrece, in dells where sighs surcease,
And fairies laugh with eyes of thee, Lucrece."

Murder.

GILBERT L. EBERHART.

THE hearts of the roses have shrunk from the dew;
The moon has gone down in afright,
And the terrified stars dare scarcely peep through
The storm-tattered clouds of the night.

The gaunt wolf listens with bated breath,
As in fear of some hidden snare;
And it seems as the bloody wings of Death
Were beating the sweltering air.

There's a gleam of a knife, and a wail of pain,
And a sound of struggling feet;
And a form, with hands of gory stain,
Like a phantom, flies down the street.

From the gloomy aisles of the shivering wood,
Cries a strangling voice on the wind:—
"Near the side of the road, a pool of warm blood,
And a mangled corse thou wilt find."

Man.

THE vilest creature space doth span,
Is weak, despised, dishonored man;
The crown of all creation's plan,
Noble and lofty, God-like man.

Der Oak und der Vine.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis leedle shoke;
"A voman was der glinging vine,
Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts,
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines:
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
Dhose veary nights und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"
Der boet von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
I dink id means, inshted;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don't so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To help run Life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks and vines
Should alvays gling togeddher.

Hyssop.

THE Lord had loosed a nation's chain;
Had bid the paschal lamb be slain;
With wing of death o'ershadowed all,
And doomed that Egypt's first-born fall.
To warn the angel passing o'er,
The saving blood, on Israel's boor,
Was sprinkled by each ransomed thrall
With hyssop, springing from the wall.

The Lamb of God, on Calvary slain,
To free the world from Satan's chain,
When on the cross about to die,
In agony was heard to cry,
"I thirst!" Again was hyssop sought,
And from its spray the Savior caught
The cooling draught. "My work," he cried,
"Is done!"—Then bowed His head and died.

Coming Home.

N. H. ALBAUGH.

HANG up the lamp, dear wife, for me—
A beacon light;
For I am coming home to thee,
To thee, to-night.

Out from the cold world's din and strife,
With care oppress'd;
Home to a true and loving wife,
For peace and rest.

Three pairs of roguish eyes, so bright,
Were wont to peer
Into the gath'ring, dark'ning night,
For father dear.

Three pairs of toddling, pattering feet
Would hurrying come
To ope the door, and papa greet,
To hearth and home.

One pair of feet lie still and cold,
Beneath the sod;
One pair of eyes on earth have closed,
To ope with God.

Heavy the load of this world's care,
How often made;
Heavy the load—and hard to bear
Without His aid.

The whitening hair, the furrowed brow,
May tell of tears;
Our hearts are young—our love, I trow,
Will grow, with years.

Through sunshine fair, and shadows dark,
We'll grope our way,
Keeping in view the shining mark
Of perfect day.

When life is pass'd, and we, at last,
Reach that lone shore,
With longing eyes, and yearning hearts—
Our toils all o'er,

May we see afar, like glitt'ring star,
Through mist and gloom,
The soul, in joy, of our bless'd boy,
To guide *us* home.

The Old Dream.

CHARLES W. HILLS.

GIVE place, for the hero comes at last
To strangle the reptile fears,
And bind the furies of greed and hate
For the term of a thousand years!

There are tears on upturned faces,
And the pallor of things that die,
But ever a red light kisses them
Falling out of the eastern sky.

Begirt with Olympian splendors,
Where stars are as drops of dew,
There the high gods work to a pattern
For the making of all things new.

And man shall rule an elysium,
With never a jungle or lair
For the tiger-passions to crouch in
And spring on him unaware.

Another shall cheer at the finish:
I pass, and the tale is told;
But give me to die with a light in the eye
Of a dream of the Age of Gold.

The Monk's Vision.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

SCOURGED and bleeding in his cloister,
Prayed a weary monk alone:
"Blessed father, may this penance,
For my grievous fault atone!

"Weak the flesh is, mighty Father,
Yea! my strength is very small,
Turn not from me, Oh, I pray Thee,
Turn not from me lest I fall.

"As the golden sun was sinking
From last eve's emblazoned sky,
And the faint beams glancing upward,
Like a halo seemed to lie

"On the mountain's farthest ridges
Paused I in the valley then,
Paused to see Thy Revelation
Writ there for the sons of men.

"And that hour's supremest beauty
Seemed to me with comfort fraught,
Soothed and lightened every trouble,
Banished all perplexing thought!

"So I lingered in the valley
Where Thy presence seemed so near,
I could almost touch Thy garment,
And Thy very footsteps hear.

"Like a sweetest benediction
Come the notes of Nature's voice,
Saying to earth's weary children,
'God thy Father, saith Rejoice!'

"Ev'ry burden seemed to vanish,
Ev'ry discord seemed to cease;
Gently through the solemn stillness,
Came the proclamation 'Peace!'

"Long I lingered! Oh forgive me!
And the vesper bell afar,
Peeled its silv'ry notes unheeded,
Duty's voice had lost its power.

"Heard I not the solemn service;
Heard I not the sacred call,
Lost in selfish meditation,
Till the darkness, like a pall,

"Settling o'er the quiet valley,
Roused me from the blessed dream,
And I saw the cloud-flecked heavens,
With the stars begin to gleam.

"Startled, sad and heavy-hearted,
Sought I then my cloister's gloom;
All night long in dreary penance,
Knelt I in this lonely room.

"Lord, I did forget Thy service
And the solemn vesper prayer,
Yet withhold not Thy forgiveness,
Still bestow Thy tender care!

"I have sinned and been unfaithful;
Many a scourge this breast shall bear;
Let my blood procure my pardon;
Let my groans my fault repair."

* * * * *

Kneeling there, alone and weary,
Saw the monk a sudden light,
And a gracious tender Presence,
Radiant, pure, serene and bright.

And a gentle voice spake lowly;
"Oh, my brother, cease to weep!
Am I only in the cloister?
Am I not on hill and deep?

"Am I not in densest forests,
And amid the burning sands?
Am I not in ocean's turmoil,
And the world's remotest lands?

"Where thou seekest — there thou findst Me!
Where thou callest — there am I!
Though I watch the soul's great conflicts,
Yet I hear the lightest sigh.

' I was with thee in the valley!
I am present in thy cell,
Hear I, only, when thou prayest
At the call of vesper bell?

"Rivers, woods and sunset glory,
Symbolize thy Father's love!
Learn the lesson they would teach thee
Of a guardian care above!

"Not from vaulted, grand cathedrals
Doth arise sincerest praise,
But it comes from God's first temples —
Holy groves of early days.

"Ev'ry thrill of adoration,
Ev'ry throb with worship fraught,
Hears your Father in His mansions,
Hears, He, too, your lightest thought.

"Asks He not mere formal worship,
Paid at call of vesper chimes;
Asks He not an empty service
Rendered Him at stated times.

"Truest homage didst thou offer
When ye lingered in the vale;
Let that mountain be thy temple,
Let thy cloister be that dale.

"Seek not pardon by self-wounding;
I have borne thy ev'ry sin;
Didst thou yield thy life in penance,
It would not thy pardon win.

"I'm thy Brother; God's thy Father;
On His love thou mayst rely!
Let His infinite compassion
Draw thee upward to the sky.

"Nature is God's revelation
Speaking to the inner ear;
Sun and moon declare His glory.
And thou, too, the psalm mayst hear!

"Love the things that He hath given,
Nothing hath He made in vain;
Flowers and birds chant forth His praises;
Look not on them with disdain.

"Priest and church are not His temple;
Dwells He in the human heart;
Shares thy ev'ry care and sorrow;
Is, of life itself, a part!

"Serve Him as the spirit moveth;
Matters not or where or when;
He will come in consolation;
He will breathe a blessing then.

"Worship Him upon the hillside,
And His Presence, like the dew,
Will descend in blessings on you,
Will refresh your spirit, too!

"Serve thy God without heart-failing,
Perfect love will cast out fear!
When the heavens are bright with glory,
Love Omnipotent is near!"

The Overture.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

I.

Summer smiles o'er all the land,
    Sap leaps in briers,
Earth feels her benediction bland,
    Spring's vestal fires
Glow brighter 'neath her breathings fanned,
Our spirits with her blooms expand,
And join in Nature's pæn grand,
    With unseen choirs.

I A.

For music's soul on aerial wings
  Hath upward soared,
Vibrating subtle welcomings
  From chord to chord,
And time with sweet suspicions rings
  Of all the joys dear Summer brings,
Rich prophesies of harvestings
  In blossoms scored.

II.

Each enfreed rill with tinkling rune,
    The strain begins,
The woods, like leaf-crowned nymphs, attune
    Their violins,
And Zephyr with his soft bassoon,
Awaketh all the birds of noon,
To swell the orchestra of June
    With flute-like dins.

III.

His tambour sounds the Bob-o-link,
    From screening hedge,
The insect trumpets swell and shrink
    On grassy ledge,

And sheeny cymbals clash and clink,
Where by the streamlet's mossy brink
Like elves, the cowslips nod and wink,
'Mid reeds of sedge.

IV.

From caves wherein his mermaids dwell,
Old Ocean's keys
Are pressed in sympathetic spell.
Through sunlit seas
Each Triton blows a pearly shell,
Each Nereid sounds a surf-swung bell,
With rich exuberance to swell
Life's symphonies.

V.

And all along each golden bar,
In notes of light,
Our souls read on from star to star
The song of Night,
Like serenade from sweet guitar
Poured down by spirit hands afar,
From where the founts of music are,
With heavenly might.

VI.

But sweeter far than aught of these
The spirit's calm,
The inbreathed secret sympathies
That like a psalm
Wake in the heart rich melodies,
Soft soothing labor's care with ease,
As thrill his soul pure ecstasies
Who wins the palm.

VII.

Now May withdraws Spring's filmy veil
Of tawny green,
And lo! 'round wood, stream, hill and dale,
Bursts glory's scene,

Plays up the Easter Fairy tale
That doth our jaded souls regale,
While Flora's incense urns exhale.

VIII.

The princess beauty slowly wakes
From slumber's thrall,
The sunshine frees from dusky flakes,
Enchantment's hall,
Now horse, now hound sleep's leashes breaks,
The jessed hawk her plumage shakes,
Young Love aroused, old ways betakes,
Gay lord of all.

IX.

While summer thus tends on our state,
Fair muse of song;
Shall we, thy poets, silent wait
With harps unstrung?
No, no, beside thy rose-crowned gate,
The floral dial marks the date
When thought must bloom with speech elate,
Life's chords along.

Sing Out, My Soul

RUTH WARD KAHN.

SING out, oh soul of mine, nor stay
Responding that no wealth be found
In thee. The majesty of sound
To weaker instruments alway
Hath been denied. Yet, if thou play
Thy humble note midst chords profound,
And it ring clear, it shall be found
And carried on a regal way.
Low are the clear bird-notes at dawn,
Sweet heralds of the long bright hours,
And smallest flowers, dew-gemed, are born
Among the feet of stately flowers.
Life needs small helps to reach the goal,
Then sing out, clear and true, my soul!

"I Didn't Think"

CLARA ADELE NEIDIG.

DEAR little three year-old, nodding away
Before the firelight softly glowing;
With cheeks aflame, and fair locks flowing;
"Pray, what were you doing this long, long day?"

"I guess I was naughty"; the maiden sighed;
"I pinched my kitten to make her drink,
But re'ly, *truly* — I didn't think
It hurted her any until she cried.

"And then my mamma glanced up, and said:
(With a sorry look upon her face:)
'Would you like to take the kitten's place
For a while before you go to bed;

"'And belong to some one' (I saw the wink
Of her eyes, turned quickly the other way,)
'Who would do by you as you did to-day
By the kitten, because — I didn't think'"?

"And then she told me a little rule, —
'Twas gold or somethin', perhaps you know;
And I mean to learn it when I grow
Bigger, and older — and — go — to — school;

"And" — Lower the dainty eyelids sink,
'Till they lightly touch the downy cheek;
While we guess the words she failed to speak
Who went to *Dreamland*, — and "didn't think."

Sleep Well

OTTO SOUBRON.

SLEEP well, my child, and dream of me—
Dreams are like death, so calm and mild:—
From out the soul they take the sting—
Sleep well, and dream of me, my child.

In dreams recall that time long flown—
Before our love was torn entwain;
No tears!—let burning kisses tell:
In dreams I am thy love again!

Tears of Gratitude

E. B. ROBISON.

COME let us be thankful for what we may have,
Not murmur for what we have not;
A palace of gold may curses infold;
Far better the humblest cot.

If led into spheres of hellish delight,
How bitter the tears that will flow!
Those heart-rending tears from anguish and fears
Will drip on our pleasures below.

Forgetting all pain—each pleasure remember;
For countless the joys we may have;
Let memory come and bring what is handsome
Which once to her keeping we gave.

Sweet pleasures of sense, they mightily cheer;
But sweeter are words from the heart
That cheer up a neighbor—that lighten his labor,
And a courage to struggle impart.

Perfect Rest

CHARLES L. DEAN.

Behold the boy—throughout the livelong day
He follows on where'er his fancy leads,
Till tired of every sport it can suggest
His mother's fond embrace supplies his needs;
Upon her breast,
By her caressed,
He is at home,
And home is perfect rest.

The world is but a ruthless battle-field,
The boy—to manhood grown, must fight his way;
Wounded, in tears he seeks his loving wife,
His wounds are healed, his tears are wiped away:
Upon her breast,
By her caressed,
He is at home,
And home is perfect rest.

Oblivion comes—they err who call it death,
'Tis transient slumber, fraught with untold charms,
On angel wings, the sleeper's borne aloft,
The shadows pass—he wakes in Jesus arms,
Upon His breast,
By Him caressed,
He is at home,
And home is perfect rest.

A Pastoral Picture

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD "THE POET SCOUT."

SOME talk about the beauties o' the early days o' spring
W'en the bees begin to bumble, an' the birds begin to sing,
An' some are struck on summer, with its sunshine and its showers,
Its early comin' mornin's an' its drawn out evenin' hours.
Each season has its beauties, an' I sort o' like 'em both,
An' want to give 'em credit fur adzac'ly w'at they're wuth,
But my affections hanker fur a time 'at beats 'em all,
W'en winter come a nosin' 'round the dyin' bed o' Fall.

Its then the frosty mornin' makes a feller feel his oats,
An' makes him sing an' holler in happiest o' notes
W'ile fodderin' the cattle, or cornin' up the hogs,
Or chasin' through the thickets arter rabbits with the dogs.
His nose feels like a 'lectric light, his blood is on a tear,
An' health an' vimish vigor seems careenin' in the air,
An' his heart just thumps with rapture at the Bob White's cheery call,
W'en winter comes a nosin' 'round the dyin' bed o' Fall.

It's then the neighbors gather at the ol'-time huskin' bee,
The boys an' gals, an' dads an' mams, all full o' rousin' glee,
An' git around the pile o' corn, each feller by the side
O' her he thinks the purtiest in all the world so wide.
An' w'en a feller gits a ear as rosy as her cheeks,
He's got a legal title to a kiss, despite her shrieks,—
O' thar' ain't no use talkin', that 'ar season beats 'em all
W'en winter comes a nosin' 'round the dyin' bed o' Fall.

An' w'en the supper dishes 'a bin washed an' put away
An' the floor is cleared for dancin', an' the fiddle gins to play,
Thar' ain't no purtier pictur, if you s'arch the wide world o'er,

Than to see the country people buckle down and welt the floor.
It's sashay all an' balance, an' swing yer purty pards,
An' git mixed up like shufflin' a pack o' playin' cards,
An how they go a scootin' at the cry o' "p'om'nade all",
W'en winter comes a nosin' 'round the dyin' bed o' Fall.

An' w'en the dancin's over, the gals put on their wraps,
An' look with sidelong glances upon the crowd o' chaps,
That stand thar', each a waitin' fur to give a gal his arm,
An' walk with her, with slow time step, 'cross to her father's farm.
An' then the partin' at the gate, w'en lip is pressed to lip,
It sots his heart to boundin' like a storm-tossed sailin' ship—
O' thar' ain't no use o' talkin', that 'ar season beats 'em all,
W'en winter comes a nosin' 'round the dyin' bed o' Fall.

The Falling Leaves

P. D. ETUE.

YOU may talk of the dainty violet,
The very first flower of spring,
Or the thousand-and-one other posies
That the showers of April bring.
The snowdrops, the pansies and roses,
Are all very nice in their way,
And so are peonies and lilacs,
And the lilies that bloom in the bay.
But of all things in nature most pleasing—
Pretty lilacs, sweet roses and all—
For me there is more real enjoyment
In the leaves of the trees in the fall.

The Orthod-ox Team

FRED. EMERSON BROOKS.

"HOLD on, stranger! Turn out yonder close to the wall!
For the road's rather narrow and I've got it all!
Whoa, back, haw there, old Baptist! Whoa, Methodist, whoa!
These are oxen that need all the road, you must know.
Yes, I drive without swearin', though strange it may seem,
For I'm drivin', good stranger, my orthod-ox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed.
He's more noted for style than he is for his speed.
Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,
But he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work.
He's a good, pious ox, never losin' his way,
For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's hard shell to the bone
Close communion in diet — he eats all alone!
Shakes his head when its raining and closes his eyes;
He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes from the skies!
Why, he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team!
He'll go nowhere, I swan, but down into the stream!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Presbyterian, gee! Congregational, haw!
They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how to draw!
They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folk
Can tell 'em apart when they're out of the yoke!
But you see a slight difference when it is shown:
One leans on his elders and one stands alone!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel, oldest of all;
Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fall;
He went into the Ark at the time of the flood,
And when Pharaoh starved he was chewin' his cud!

There's an ancestry, sir, full of glory, no doubt,
But for goring the Master they're scattered about!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"I've an ox over there who tends strictly to 'biz!'
He's the Catholic ox; what a monster he is!
And he keeps growin' big, while he keeps growin' old!
And he never lets go where he once gets a hold!
He's a strong one, you bet! why I never yet spoke
But he started right off, with his neck in the yoke!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's old Methodist, one of the best on the road!
You'd suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged the load!
How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout;
But the worst of it, he keeps changin' about!
He was bought on probation, and works like a top;
But I've had him three years, and suppose I must swop!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That suave Universalist many admire
Thinks the devil's a myth with his great prairie fire!
There's an Adventist claimin' to have second sight;
If he keeps on a guessin' he'll guess the thing right!
And the Seventh Day Baptist — their numbers are such
If they do break the Sabbath they don't break it much!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Got a Spiritist? Yes, sir; I bought one by chance;
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance!
Nothin' practical, sir, in a medium ox
When you have to keep proddin' with rappin's and knocks!
But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along
With my orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts!
You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts.
I am sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out;
But this is the regular lumberman's route!
On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme;
All the world must turn out for my Orthod-ox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

The Messiah's Star

HENRY A. JEFFRIES.

O'ER Judea's hills the luster of a star
Shed heavenly glory on that sacred night,
When heaven's host sang in the sky afar
Praises to God with such profound delight.

No nimbus placed upon earth's hoary head
By fair Aurora in the Northern clime,
E'er rivaled that Star's splendor as it sped
Toward the heights of Bethlehem sublime.

The shepherds keeping vigil o'er their flocks,
Were lost in wonderment intense and deep,
When, suddenly were lit the distant rocks
By a strange light which did their vision steep.

The magi, masters of the occult arts,
Were guided by the Star's refulgent ray,
And, by it ushered to these favored parts,
Came to the place where earth's Redeemer lay.

Not in a palace was Emanuel born—
The wise men to a stall their presents brought:
No prince's costly raiment did adorn
The One who from the far off East they sought.

An era great had dawned upon the age;
No longer men would in the darkness grope:
The rich, the poor, the ignorant, the sage,
Were given common doctrine, common hope.

Where all before in mystery was hid,
Now everything to mortals was made plain;
And to "repent" were all the Nations bid,
Thus to prepare for the Messiah's reign.

Though long delayed for many a century,
His earthly Kingdom yet will surely come;
E'en now the fore-gleams of His star we see,
Who shall bring in earth's glad Millennium.

"As a Mustard Seed"

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

FROM a gray clod a tiny shoot upsprings,
Stretches its limbs, and blinks in the broad sun;
As cheerfully abroad its branches run,
I ask, "What dost thou 'mid these weedy things?"
"My Master me divine provision brings,
And bids me grow and bless; how can I shun
His will? If I but woo and shelter one
Stray bird, I'm recompensed whene'er it sings."

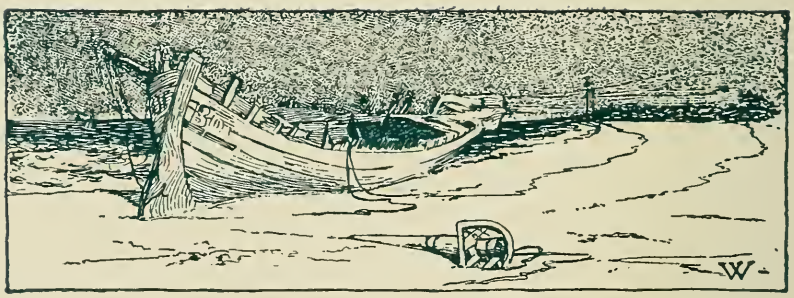
O faithless! must your hearts be taught so oft
By things inglorious to proclaim the light
Of prodigal beneficence to men,
The laboring hands, and eyes that look aloft,
The sacrifice in deserts wide and white
Of life itself, expecting not again?

Motherhood

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

A baby head silky as butterfly's wing,
Caresses my loving cheek;
Ineffable thrills of the holiest joy
Bring rapture no tongue can speak.
This moment I'm one with the angels of heaven;
This moment I taste of the bliss to them given;
This moment I know how her heart-strings were riven,
Whose Son was so strong, and meek.

And so, while the world whirls gaily without,
Heaven lies in my rocking-chair;
Let the mirth and the pomp pass me, careless, by,
So they leave me my baby there.
But a day swiftly comes when the heart's alarms
But presage the cold of my empty arms.
He is gone where no breath of the chill world harms;
Oh, Mother of Christ, help me bear!



A Storm Lyric.

EDGARDA WILLIAMS.

I.

TRANQUIL and calm the sea,
Singing the winds as they blow;
Far away gleameth a sail,
Or wing of a bird flying low.

Crimson and gold the west,
Trembling the young crescent moon.
"Cometh my lover to-night?"
"Nay, not to-night, but soon"

II.

Turbulent, dark the sea,
Angry the hoarse billows roar;
Far o'er the deep is a ship
That never will sail any more.

Weeping and dull the sky,
Cold is the moon and pale;
"Cometh my lover to-night?"
The waves only moan and wail.

They clasp the sands with their arms,
And they sing in a monotone;
While the maiden wrings her hands,
And walks on the beach alone.

Waking the Baby

CLARA ADELE NEIDIG.

O, Mister, *wont* you come to the door
And wake our baby? It's very late
For him to be sleeping; half past eight!
This never happened, I'm sure, before

He's always first one up in the house;
And he laughs, and crows and has such fun,
There's no more sleeping for any one;
But now it's just as still as a mouse.

I've heard my mama so often say:
She wished the baby would stay in bed,
At least 'till the morning news was read
And things all started well for the day;

Because he bothered. She must forget,
For she tried to wake him long ago;
She's not been working; and do you know
The paper isn't unfolded yet!

They say, upstairs, he will never wake;
But your voice seems very strong and clear,
And if you speak *loud* perhaps he'll hear;—
Wont you *please* to try, for mamma's sake?

And put these flowers in his hand, for me,
He wanted a few I had last night;
I didn't give, and it wasn't right;—
I thought he might spoil them, then, you see.

They even say he's gone to the skies,
But I saw him half an hour ago;
And if you will wake him up, I know
They'll own he's *here*, when they see his eyes.

I Cannot Forget Thee

MRS. M. A. SENTER.

I cannot forget thee; whate'er may betide,
Love like unto mine will ever abide,
And aid, and support, in each trying hour,
And give unto life new beauty and power.

I cannot forget thee; the wavelets may be
Forevermore lost in the breast of the sea,
But the waves of emotion that come to my heart,
Remain there forever; they will not depart.

I cannot forget thee; the cool, gentle shower,
May scatter bright drops in the heart of the flower,
Then leave it to perish — to wither away —
Exposed to the winds, and the sun's scorching ray.

I cannot forget thee; the pure, pearly dew,
May nourish the life, it soon will take, too,
'Till the pride of the garden that once did adorn,
Is frozen, and stark, and of loveliness shorn.

I cannot forget thee; the leaves on the tree,
May glisten awhile, then wither'd they'll be,
But the buds of affection will evermore bloom,
And give unto life a lasting perfume.

I cannot forget thee; the soft balmy air,
That giveth such life and joy everywhere,
Impell'd and controll'd by the hurricane's breath,
Brings only disaster, destruction and death.

I cannot forget thee; the bright golden ray,
That warmeth, and turneth the night into day,
Becometh a demon, beyond all control,
And leaves in its path only ashes and mold.

I cannot forget thee; 'though far from my view,
The stars may seem lost in their vast home of blue,
But still we know that with beauty and grace,
Each star ever shines from its own wonted place.

I cannot forget thee; wherever thou art,
For now of my life you seem such a part,
That aught that would trouble or disquiet thee,
Would fling a like shade of sadness o'er me.

I cannot forget thee; memories ne'er die,
But still live on when the earth and the sky
Have all passed away, and created again,
With a beauty supernal to ever remain.

The South Wind

FRANKLIN E. DENTON.

WHEN maples yield their arteries of sweet
That flames distill to combless honey; when
The swollen brook is noisy in the glen,
And robins, hopping o'er the brown earth, greet
The gentle dawn with song; when snows retreat
To fence and forest nook, and high again
The soft clouds sail the sunny heaven: then,
The South Wind comes with life and hope replete.
It knows the grave of every flower that sleeps,
And wakes each little Lazarus. It dyes
The eve a richer purple than of Tyre,
And spills the cloudy cisterns of the skies.
It lifts the heart like verse! But how it sweeps
The chords of memory's pathetic lyre!

The Revelation

I. S. SMITH.

ON a high and solid rock I stand,
And, looking o'er the sea,
I vainly strive to view the land
Of vast futurity.

Th' apocalypse of every cloud
Upon the far-off sky,
I try to read — I cry aloud
And hear the echoed cry.

And while I look and weep and pray,
And wonder why I'm here,
A ship in black doth call for me,
To bear me otherwhere.

Ah, well, 'tis manned by friendly hands,
No harm it brings to me;
It bears me on to better lands,
Across the silent sea.

Soon falls the light on th' ocean waste,
Vibrations fill the sky,
And o'er the sea I pass, in haste,
To blest eternity.

Now lifting up my grateful voice,
With others gone before,
We praise our Captain and rejoice
Together evermore.

A Tribute to a Bride

M. WINTERMUTE.

WHAT so *fair* in this glad hour?
Not the delicate flower that glows—
The perfect flower,
Blushing down to its very heart, love to disclose
The bright, bright rose.

What so *pure* in this glad hour?
Not the thrill of the notes that start
With ethereal power,
In visions transcending all thought holding the heart,
From earth apart.

What, so *true* in this glad hour?
Not the stars that sentinel stand
At Eden's bower;
Parting gateways of gold with invisible wand,
To heavenland.

What, so *dear* in this glad hour?
Not the dove as it seeks its mate
When shadows lower;
As it flies with its constant wing, weary and late,
Where love doth wait.

Tree and Leaf

JOSEPH COOK.

ONWARD storms my strong-limbed race,
Pause for me is nigh;
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer I.

Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf.

Gone already earlier leaves;
Lonely on my bough
Cling I whom the wind bereaves,
Rustling russet now.

On Time's leafy carpet I
Fall in God's great lap;
Once we live and when we die
Feed the Future's sap.

Seed whose sap God's light allures
Riseth from the sod;
In a tropic heaven matures
Whoso loveth God.

Grow, great Igdrasil! Thy roots
Drink God's glittering dew;
In thy sunniest topmost shoots,
We our life renew.

Dreaming

GRACE HIBBARD.

IDLY sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming—
Dreaming snowy clouds are castles seeming,
Built on gray rocks in the sky sea lying,
Stormed by golden sunbeam arrows flying.

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming—
Dreaming snowy clouds are white waves gleaming,
On the tropic blue of sky sea dashing,
In the brightness of the sunset flashing.

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming—
Dreaming white clouds are cherub faces beaming,
With bright, fleecy hair around them streaming.
In the twilight idly sit I, dreaming.

Idly sitting by my window, fair dreams dreaming—
Castles proud, white waves, cherub faces beaming,
Turned to empty air, like all earth's dreaming;
But above me, lo, the stars are gleaming.

Golden-Rod

CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

O GOLDEN-ROD, golden-rod, nestling in green,
A joy to all eyes is thy beautiful sheen!
O who could the sunshine's bright treasures unfold,
And leave on thy petals such luminous gold!

I bow down my head with my ear to the sod,
And listen for answer, O fair golden rod!
A whisper—so gentle it may be the whir
Of a butterfly's wing, or thy rootlet's faint stir—

In musical cadences softly replies:
"An angel came down with his wonderful dyes,
And painted, and painted until, as you see,
Our faces are golden as golden can be."

The Message

W. B. SEABROOK.

THE summer sun fell on his low-drooping head
And touched the gray locks with a glory of gold,
As he pondered in sadness of days that had sped
And the youth that had left him, deserted and old.
The grave had bereft him—his wife was no more,
His children no longer made merry at play,
And he grieved as he sat by his old cabin door,
And chanted, "I yeddy from Heaben to-day."

"From Heaben to day, from Heaben to-day,"
And he tapped on his knee with enlivening zest,
And bright grew his eye with a love-light ray
As the mem'ries awakened that slept in his breast.
Fond faces came back to him, seen through his tears,
Far voices re-echoed the intimate lay,
And his bosom grew fervent with unspoken prayers,
As he chanted, "I yeddy from Heaben to-day."

He was cheerless and lonely, half naked and ill,
He was weary, so weary, of life and its tears:
He was wasted and worn; yet submissively still
He accepted the trials that burdened his years.
What king in his kingdom was richer than he?
What prince, 'mid the realms of the wealthy and gay?
From fleshly desire what bosom so free?
As he chanted, "I yeddy from Heaben to-day."

"From Heaben to-day, from Heaben to-day,"
And his palsied head sank on his laboring chest;
This world and it sorrows were passing away,
He was sinking—unconsciously sinking—to rest.

To the mystical message his soul was replying
In praises outpoured through his rude, simple lay;
And though he suspected it not, he was dying,
As he murmured, "I yeddy from Heaben to-day."

* * * * * * *

The summer sun fell on his low-drooping head
And crowned the gray locks with a halo of light,
But he felt not its warmth, for the old man was dead;
The message was answered—his spirit in flight.
They found him ere long—the good friends of his race,
And they whispered of death in an awe-stricken way;
But they said, when they saw the calm smile on his face,
"Brudder Peter is yeddy from Heaben to-day."

The Caged Nightingale

OTTO SOUBRON.

FROM foreign climes a nightingale
In gilded cage is yearning;
She sings a sad and plaintive tale—
Her little heart is burning.

Her warbling notes soft o'er me steal—
Like dewdrops they are falling;
Dead dreams of old, past woe and weal
Again they are recalling.

Caged nightingale, O cease thy lay,
Recall not thus past yearning;
I know thy tale—away, away!
With pain my heart is burning!

Whom Others Envy

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THROUGH years of toil and sacrifice
He climbed Fame's ladder, round by round,
Nor rested till his hand had grasped the prize
For which he toiled. Self-made, self-crowned,
He stood among his lofty dreams, and weighed
Their worth together with the price he paid.

A millionaire! — he bartered love for this, —
Love binds the wings of him who would arise.
He rose unfettered. Now with famished eyes
He gazes on another's Paradise,
While memory taunts him with a shy, sweet kiss,
A frightened, fluttering thing, the first, the last
No childish voices echo through his past:
He wears his laurels, but he paid their price.

The Years

L. A. NICHOLS.

A year, to childhood, oh, how long!
Will it ever come to an end?
Will the days and weeks and lingering months
Their silent march extend,
As slowly on thro' the years to be
As now they move; ah me, ah me!

A year to middle age, how short!
So quickly come and gone;
Oh, that the hours would move more slow,
For the work that must be done
Ere the years of our life shall come to a close,
And we earn the last and long repose.

The present mingles with the past,
And silently steals away;
To childhood slow, to manhood swift,
But surely and for aye;
While the deeds of our lives with hopes and fears,
Are stored away with the garnered years—

To reappear at the eventide,
When the sunset gilds the lea,
And a backward look reveals how brief
Is life; ah me, ah me!
But there is unending life and song,
And eternity is long, so long!

Beyond the Shadows

I. M. BUDD.

BEYOND the purple shadows
That 'round the sunset lie,
There shines a fairer glory
Whose radiance cannot die.
Its lustre falls forever
Upon the streets of gold,
And lights the walls of jasper
With splendors never told.

Oft when we toil in sorrow,
Or faint with burning heat,
Longing in Heavenly mansions
To dwell in Christ complete;
Afar those splendors cheer us,
But only Faith's clear eye
Can pierce the mystic shadows
That round our pathway lie.

Beyond death's silent river
Are pleasures evermore,
There rest in peace the loved ones
Who journey on before.
Our hearts reach out with longing
To share their perfect day,
Beyond the drifting shadows
That fill the twilight gray.

When sitting in life s sunset
We chant our evening hymn;
When earthly sounds grow fainter
And earthly scenes wax dim,
O, may the wondrous brightness
Of Heaven's unclouded sky
Dispel the darkening shadows
That in earth's twilight lie.

To Mobile Bay

L. IRWIN HUNTINGTON.

THY sad, gentle waves tell the listening moon
And sob to the far-reaching piers.
A story as low as the sigh of a dream,
As soft as the falling of tears;
Wistfully, tenderly, mournfully slow,
As centuries come and centuries go,
Murmuring ever in petulent woe,
Murmuring on through the years.

And wherefore, I pray thee, disconsolate wave,
Thy mission in sadness deplore,
And like a faint soul and the shadow of sin,
Thus claspest, then spurnest, the shore
So wistfully, dreamily, solemnly slow,
Whispering ever in petulent woe,
As the centuries come and the centuries go,
Whispering on through the years?

For thee the magnolias are breathing from shore
Their being in fragrance away;
An now the sun-god, now Endymion's love,
Caresses thy bosom, sweet Bay.
Yet ceaselessly, solemnly, musically slow,
As centuries come and centuries go,
Still thou art telling thy mystical woe,
Wearily on through the years.

'Tis true, when the mocking-birds tenderly sing,
Thy sadness to sweetly beguile,
Thou stillest the moan of each whispering wave,
And shroudest its grief in a smile;
But wistfully, longingly, waiting we know
Thy heart's sorrow peers from the waters below,
And gladness leans back on the bosom of woe
And sighs that its brightness must die.

Can it be some Undine forsaken and lone,
  Impartest her anguish to thee,
Or, fearest thou, mayhap, thy sister, the Sound,
  Nor lovest the Mexican sea?
Or, is it that like all the human you know,
Though heaven's rare graces are falling below,
Thou murmurest ever in petulent woe,
  Fretfully on through the years?

December

HENRY A. JEFFRIES.

The cold wind is blowing,
The snow-drifts are growing,—
  Old Boreas has full sway;
The bare boughs are sighing,
The old year is dying
  And soon will have passed away.

So in this life's journey:
The knight of the tourney
  No longer enters the lists,
But silently waiting,
His strengh fast abating—
  Then disappears in the mists.

The Mistletoe

C. S. PERCIVAL.

WHEN summer is green 'mid the shadowing trees,
Where fondly the mistletoe clings,
The passer, mayhap, in the verdure ne'er sees
What they hide with their sheltering wings.
It may flourish unseen
'Mid the wide-spreading green
Of the fostering bough where it clings.

But autumn comes forth on his mission of death,
To revel in summer's bright realm,
To scatter the leaves with his pitiless breath,
And the bride of the forest overwhelm.
Then the mistletoe green
In its beauty is seen,
Cling true to its desolate elm.

And then 'tis a joy in their beauty to see
Its tiny white blossoms appear,
Which ripen to fruit while the fostering tree
In winter is naked and sear.
Thus the mistletoe green,
In the summer unseen,
Findeth life in the death of the year.

And thus in a heart that is noble and true,
The rarest of virtues may dwell,
In time of prosperity hid from the view,
By that which adorneth it well.
They may flourish unseen,
Like the mistletoe green,
When summer is clothing the dell.

But when the chill winds of adversity blow
And the pleasure that earth can impart,
Like verdure autumnal is shrouded in woe,
Those virtues that never depart,
Like the mistletoe green,
In the autumn are seen,
Cling true to that desolate heart.

Then fortitude, patience and heavenly faith,
In lustre undying appear;
And life-giving hope, sweetly smiling on death,
Points up to a holier sphere.
Like the mistletoe green,
All their beauty is seen
When the winter of life draweth near.

June

WESLEY COUCHMAN.

HOW lovely are thy ways, O gentle June!
The children bless thee midst their merry plays;
The cattle of the pastures give thee praise;
The honey-pilfering insect gives thee tune,
As 'mong thy clustering bulbs he hath commune,
Thinking thee transient; all the more thy ways
Have charm through pregnant round of lengthened days,
Ere fervid heat shall parch thy juices soon.
Thine over-fertile bosom swells with milk;
In thy lap, we, as cradled infants, lie;
With sustenance thou givest lullaby;
Thy tresses fallen about us soft as silk.
Intoxicate with fullness of thy charms,
We fall adrowse in pleasurance of thine arms.

The Neglected Flute

J. G. PULLING.

TWENTY-FIVE years the flute
Laid away, snug and mute;
Dry and shrill was the every note
Coming out of its dusty throat.
But the flute was heard to say:
"Come, old master, try to play.
Now softly, softly blow;
Play lightly and with care;
Echo sounds of long ago,
With music fill the air."

In pity for the long forsaken,
The flute out of its place was taken,
And mellow tones arose
Which had been heard by those
Near to the player's heart
That time had forced apart;
The notes now rising free
Resemble childish glee;
And now a joyous strain
Recalls his youth again.
Sounds fall and rise
Like lovers' sighs
And soft replies.
Dance and quadrille,
And tunes sharp and shrill
Follow — until
The tired flute lays still.

"Old friends we are,
Show me some care,
Come back and play
Some leisure day?"
Was last and all the flute could say.

My Mother's Face

E. M. P. BRISTER.

I KNOW that such a sinner
As I feel myself to be,
Should scarcely hope to enter
A blest eternity.

But, I've dared to dream of heaven—
That far-off world of bliss,
Whose lightest joy transcends
The greatest good of this.

And I've thought, were I so happy
As at the last to stand
With the hosts of blest immortals
That dwell at God's right hand;

And to catch a glimpse of heaven
In all the glorious grace
That serves to fitly make it
Our God's own dwelling place;

With its walls of crystal jasper
Whose foundations ne'er grow old;
With its gates of purest pearl,
And its streets of glittering gold;

With its throngs of happy spirits
Whose bliss no mortal knows,
Redeemed from all earth's sorrows,
Redeemed from all life's woes.

Not these, nor all the beauteous tints
That bloom on Heaven's skies,
Could win the first, long, eager
Worship of mine eyes.

But, I'd turn from all such glories—
Lord, forgive, if I lack in grace!
To take a long, enraptured look
At my darling mother's face.

Asleep with Jackson

T. C. DE LEON.

[Unlike the North, the South has no uniform date for decorating the graves of her soldier dead; the occasion at Winchester, in the "Stonewall Cemetery," being the 6th of June, the anniversary of Turner Ashby's death, which has been observed since the year succeeding the war. For the last decoration, Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, of Jackson's staff, hurried from the Lee monument unveiling, at Richmond, to deliver the oration over the confederate dead at Winchester. He began by narrating this touching incident:

"The morning after the unveiling of the Lee statue, as the sun rose over Richmond, its first rays fell upon a row of figures, wrapped in gray blankets and sleeping on the green grass around the statue of Jackson, in Capitol square. As the sun grew brighter and the bustle of life moved the city, one by one, these figures unrolled themselves from their blankets—here a grayhead, there a graybeard—got up, yawned and stretched themselves in the morning air. Just then a citizen passing by said to them, in kindly anxiety: 'Heavens, men! could you find no other beds in Richmond last night?' Yes, there were plenty of places,' answered one; 'all Richmond was open to us. But he turned his eyes toward the silent face of his immortal chief and, with a throb in his throat, added, 'we were his boys, and we wanted to sleep with the Old Man just once more.' "]

THE soft, all-glorying touch of God's own hand,
Just tipped with gold all Richmond's spires fair;
Fresh song of matin birds, in cadence bland,
Made mellow music all the morning air.
Rolled back the rose clouds curtain slowly then
O'er all the east, before the day king's mien,
And hurrying feet of early-moving men
Pass'd 'bout the mound where JACKSON stands serene.

Not where that city lies, so still and fair,
Peopled by young and old—by small and great—
Who battled brave and constant, year by year
Heroic, holding still the old town's gate—
Not there, amid tall shaft and simple mound.
Rear statued forms that bare each passing head.
These make of busy haunts such hallowed ground
No man remembers LEE, or JACKSON—*dead!*

Where looms the Capitol, antique and pure,
The great First Rebel points the storied past;
Around him grouped Virginia's great of yore,
With STONEWALL'S statue, greatest and the last.
Prone on its sod, in soldier-sleep again,
Wrapped in their blankets gray as in days of old,
Slumber a score of staunch and stalwart men
With whitening hair, but faces firm and bold.

Flash through their dreams the Valley's meteor-march
Manassas' wall and Sharpsburg's blood and stress;
Looms the dun smoke 'fore Richmond—soon to arch
With gloomy pall the fateful Wilderness!
Slowly they wake, damp with the morning dew,
And grave, sad-visaged, from the grass arise
As one makes answer for that constant few,
To hasty passer, halting in surprise—

"Yea, well we know"—the grizzle vet'ran said,
With all real feeling's simple eloquence—
"Richmond has freely offered board and bed
To every man who fought in her defense."
His eyes pathetic seek, in tender trust,
The chisled face of Stonewall, loved of yore—
"But we were JACKSON'S boys; we felt we must
Sleep here, around the Old Man, just once more!"

Patience awhile, great hearts! The glorious light
Of dawn smiles through the travail, strain and loss
Of that dark, bitter, endless-seeming night,
For such as ye, who steadfast bore the cross!
For History, Time and Justice—deathless three—
Now group about that newer statue's base
To point their audience—worlds—Eternity—
LEE, Jackson-like, exemplar for his race!

Patience awhile true hearts! Ere long that light,
Purer, more fair than aught on earth may shine,
Shall clear illume that then-forgotten night
And Jackson's roll-call hold each name of thine!
Near the Great Captain—his war kingship changed
To sweeter peace—abides thy leader, sure
That souls like thine, beneath Truth's banner ranged,
Shall with the Old Man sleep for evermore!

A Lesson for Caesars

OTTO SOUBRON.

CALIGULA throned in the Hippodrome;
Around the cream and scum of Rome;
Of women bewitching and maidens fair
And valorous men were many there.

The rabble was there, a surging sea,
That tossed and roared with furious glee.
This cry rent the air in the Hippodrome:
"The hour for the fair barbarian has come!"

The cry was heard within the pen
Where stood a band of swarthy men.
They beat their breasts, their eyes flashed fire,
Their swollen veins seemed to burst with ire.

The portals opened, they took their stand,
But one by one they kissed the sand,
The blood-stained sand of the Hippodrome,
Felled by a maid — before all Rome!

With high raised sword, steeped deep in blood,
In naked purity she stood;
Her golden tresses around her streamed,
A barbarian goddess stern she seemed.

Within her eyes a strange fire's blaze —
The tyrant trembled before their gaze;
And a hush there fell o'er boisterous Rome
As her words rang clear in the Hippodrome.

These words she spake: "I was doomed to die,
Disgraced, by the slaves that yonder lie —
A woman, I, from Saxon lands;
I've felled them with my own weak hands.

A marvel, tyrant, this seems to thee?
Behold, this woman is chaste and free!"
She pierced her breast, but the slaves of Rome
Saw freedom rise in the Hippodrome.

You

CHARLES L. DEAN.

OH, best of friends, who taught me how to love,
Who taught me what no other friend could do —
If God would give me whatsoe'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.

Kings might wear crowns, with richest jewels set,
And statesmen gain the praise to greatness due,
Their wealth and glory I would envy not,
Had I but you.

Poets might sing of Eden's happy bowers—
Artists portray its beauties to our view,
Still would I prize as fairer spot, by far,
My home with you.

And when our souls had bade farewell to earth
And in immortal lands did live anew,
I'd crave no other paradise than this —
Your love and you.

My Garden

CLARA ADELE NEIDIG.

DOWN in my garden are blossoms fair,
Lifting their heads to the sun's bright rays;
Scattering perfume upon the air,
As incense sweet to the summer days.

When the earth with springing blade was green,
I watched each leaf as it came in sight;
Carefully plucking the weeds between
My flowers, seeking the warmth and light.

"What harm for such *little* weeds to grow"—
Said Mistress Sloth, with a weary sigh—
"A few short weeks?" But I answered: "Lo!
These bear no blossoms to glad the eye."

And now as I gaze from my window down,
'Tis a charming sight that meets the view;
Each flower-stalk lifting its head, a-crown
With color of richest rainbow hue.

I've a garden hidden from mortal sight,
And choicest seeds have been planted there;
If they struggle upward and find the light,
I know the bloom will be wondrous fair;

But the weeds spring up in this garden, too;
And I, in careless mood, of say:
"What harm can such *small* intruders do,
If left to grow but a single day?"

O Heart! Thou garden with good thoughts sown!
This *daily* task must be mine, I see:
To pluck each weed-thought, lest older grown
It hide some Blossom of Truth from me.

An Editorial Contrast

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, THE "POET SCOUT."

I'VE been a ruminatin' on the editors I see,
That come from 'way back yonder on a sort o' jamboree,
A lot o' well-fed fellers, wearin' hifalutin clothes,
An' tol'able good lookin', fur as manly beauty goes.

An' I find myself contrastin' their condition with the boys
That hold the frontier sentiment in sort o' equipoise —
The Arizona Kicker brand, whose brainy bugle toots
Where the musical six-shooter robs the courts o' libel suits.

Back East opinion architects have nothing else to do
But write an' think an' think an' write 'bout everything 'at's new,
But in the free an' easy West, across the dreary plains,
The bulk o' editorial work is done outside o' brains.

The editor is coroner, an' justice o' the peace,
An' makes out legal papers from a last will to a lease,
Umpires the dog-fights of his town, the two or fore-legged sort,
An' acts as final referee in all degrees o' sport.

He's lookout fur a faro game, an' often takes a trick,
A practicin' o' medicine w'en anybody's sick;
He plays a nervy poker game (assisted by his sleeve),
Laughs with the people in their joys an' grieves with them as grieves.

He allers makes the speeches on the F'orth Day o' July,
An' plays the parson's hand when thar's a nuptial knot to tie,
An' now an' then contracts to do some practicin' at law,
W'en either party wants a man 'at slings a hefty jaw.

His sanctum table allers sets a facin' to the door,
So's when an angry citizen comes smellin' arter gore,
He ain't got no advantage, an' kin seldom git the drop,
On the publisher an' editor an' owner o' the shop.

He wears his britches in his boots an' never combs his hair,
Except fur legal holiday or extra big affair.
An' thinks a starchy collar is a mark o' servitude,
An' wearin' socks excusable in nothin' but a dude.

He's prominent at lynchins', calls the figgers at a dance,
Works a minin' speculation every time he gets a chance.
Keeps a pair o' runnin' hosses fur the Territorial fair,
An' never shirks a meetin' when he's asked to lead in prayer.

So I find myself contrastin' his condition with the men
Who preach out to a nation with a stubby-p'inted pen,
An' he seems to be more usefeller a dogonation sight
Than them 'at don't do nothin' top o' God's green earth but write.

On the Death of a Child

P. D. ETUE.

MOTHER, I've gone, but do not weep;
For me 'tis only a pleasant sleep.
With myriads of angels I'm happy above,
Waiting and watching for those whose love
Sustained me so well in my infant years,
And have shed o'er me many bitter tears.
Bear up, dear parents, 'till God calls you home,
To meet your child at His heavenly throne.

Tomorrow

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

WAIT yet, O patient heart,
Till one more sun shall bloom upon the hills;
Smother the throb whose depths, with mystic art,
Love fills!

The days are long and trite
While he is absent, and no voice can rouse
My soul like memoried whispers breathed one night—
His vows!

I shall be folded soon
In arms that pledged their shelter round my life,
Whose hands would lead me into shine of noon—
His wife!

O, if my love should die,
Or could no more return, then, Father, just
But kind, my bosom's broken tendrils tie
With trust.

O Moaning Sea

CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

O MELANCHOLY Sea! there comes a moaning
That tells of secret sorrow all thine own.
What hast thou done, O Sea, that needs atoning?
Some charmed grot hast thou, pearl lined, gem-strown?
O Sea, what hast thou done!

Hast thou some freighted boat with frenzied billow
Rocked till its fragile bonds asunder part?
Lies there some maiden on thy sea-green pillow,
O moaning Sea—some earth-born, breaking heart?
O Sea, what hast thou done!

O restless Sea! a blight rests on thy gladness;
A wailing echo fills thy undertone;
A longing and regret even in thy madness;
Pleading and fear united in thy moan!
O Sea, what hast thou done!

First Love

RUTH WARD KAHN.

THE love of youthful years—oh, how unlike
The selfish passion of our later life!
Then we are all devotion—and the thrill
An angel feels when first is seen in heaven,
God's truth-revealing radiance—then is ours.
Nothing above, below appears as fair
As the lucid features of the one we love.
Dawns smile is not more clear—the brightest star
That melts as morn away is not more pure.

Melancholy

F. M. RAY.

THE nightingale doth make her timid plaint,
Like love-lorn maid, the fragrant shades beneath;
The evening star doth glimmer, far and faint,
Like some lone taper in the house of death;
The fields slope downward to the solemn sea;
A weird, strang light upon the cliffs remains,
As when the pale moon's glance steals silently
Through painted cloister panes.

O birch-crown heights, O meadow lands, your smile
Was once the sweetest joy I fain could know;
Now by the sea that sadness clothes the while
Enchanted lights like Lethe's roses glow;
Yet mountains, vales and meadows are the same!
To him, whom hope forsaketh in the race
Of life, is every star a deathlight flame
And every field a burial place.

The Clouds on the Other Side

L. ADDA NICHOLS.

A little boy whose brother had died a short time before, was looking at the clouds one bright afernoon, when he said to his mother: "I wonder if Vonnie sees the clouds on the other side?"

O SWEET, questioning mind of childhood,
Your thoughts are as our own;
You speak the longings that older hearts
Have never yet outgrown.

We look up at the stars at night,
And pale moon's silvery ray,
That lights the fleecy, floating clouds,
And wondering alway,

Where is it that the spirit dwells?
Is it in realms afar,
Beyond the shining noonday sun,
Beyond the farthest star?

Ah, we are children, nothing more,
And when we've crossed earth's tide,
We trust that somewhere we shall see
The clouds on the other side.

The Spirit of Niagara

FRANK SILER.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful spirit or sprite
That haunteth Niagara Falls through the night?
It hides in its mists, but anon reappears,
And whispers dark hints in the listening ears
Of hapless mortals who wander there
Weighed down with unbearable burdens of care.

It wields over him, who at midnight hour
Approaches the falls, irresistible power,
And woe if he listens or ventures too near,
For onward it lures him, he loses his fear;
It beckons him down where he suffers his fate
'Mid billows and whirlpools insatiate.

On the cataract's verge is a desolate place,
Where the wild waters dash in their terrible race,
Deep down to their gulf; but a low stone wall
Forms here the precipitous edge of the fall,
Where gazing down from the dizzy height
Benumbs man's senses and dims the sight.

Here, on the brink of the turbulent flood,
In the darkness of night a wanderer stood,
Of all that made life once precious and fair,
Cruel fate had bereft him, and gloomy dispair
O'r his brooding thoughts and senses had spread,
And every hope of the future lay dead.

Spellbound he lists to the thundering fall,
To the ghastly echo's reverberate call.
Hark! from the yawning abyss at his feet
Strange sounds float upward: "O rest, thou art sweet,
Thou quenchest deep in the suffering heart
The fire of anguish, its sorrows, its smart!"

"What voice do I hear from the cataract's breast!
Ye turbulent billows, what know ye of rest?"
"It is not the falls nor the billows that spoke,
But I, their live spirit, my silence broke;
If earnestly craved, I can give the oppressed,
If they but dare take it, the coveted rest!"

The wanderer's heart with strange hope is alight,
From the deep arise spirit-forms misty and white,
They beckon him onward with gesture and call;
Still closer he steps to the low-lying wall;
Imploring for mercy with arms lifted high,
He gazes at them and the cold starry sky.

He recklessly leaps on the edge of the stone,
Outstretches his hands — ah, is he not alone —
Wife and child in the dimly-seen form he espies,
And then a thick darkness falls over his eyes,
He plunges beneath the all-covering wave,
And finds in the cataract's torrent his grave.

"Weak mortal!" the spirit-voice scornfully cries,
"In the battle of life thou hast missed the prize.
For he who attempts to forestall his fate
Shall surely be barred from the Heavenly gate.
From thy harboring faith once fallen away,
Thou becamest my victim and easy pray!"

To My Friend on Her Birthday

ELLEN KNIGHT BRADFORD.

AS IN the light of some cathedral dim
A pale nun kneels, and murmurs words of prayer,
Counting alike her blessings and her needs,
While drop the beads beneath her fingers fair.

So, in thy soul's own sanctuary thou
Mayest hold thy life's fair rosary to-day,
And count thy blessings on its golden beads,
And for each hear thy "Pater Noster" say!

Count off the years that brought thee joy and peace,
And with thy grateful heart the Giver praise
For years when fortune smiled, and life was fair,
And sunshine brightened all thy happy days!

But on the beads that number Sorrow's years,
Let loving fingers linger reverently;
And let their holy ministrations bring
No less, a "Gloria Patri," too, from thee!

And for the years to come, let me implore
A blessing on each one, my friend, for thee,
That they with all the past may fitly bind
In one long chain thy finished Rosary!

The Changed Way

REV. R. L. SELLE.

ONCE I walked in paths of blindness;
Not one ray of light divine
Shone upon the hand of kindness
That was reaching down for mine.

Sad and lonely I did wonder,
Seeking rest but all in vain
'Till I heard a voice from yonder,
Calling to the Lamb that's slain.

Quickly I arose and followed
Him who says "Come unto me;"
And in him I found a pardon
Which indeed has made me free.

Now I'm saved by Jesus' power
From the last remains of sin;
Day by day and hour by hour
Safely I abide in him.

Bright Rays

M. J. LOCHEMES.

NOT in all this world so dreary
Stands a ruined castle-tower,
But in some forsaken crevice
Grows an humble little flower.

There's no life so full of sadness,
Spent in sorrowful repining,
But will have a day of gladness,
Some day when the sun is shining.

Not a man, his God forsaking
In his pride, you can discover,
But at times within his bosom
Thoughts of heaven yet may hover.

The Song of the Shell

JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

THERE lived by the sea a maiden fair,
Brown was her skin and golden her hair.
All day the sad waves were whispering low,
As she sat by the tide with its ebb and flow
To tell of the love that was dead.

She toyed with a shell, some stranger's abode,
That was tossed by the deep where argosies rode.
Now only a chamber to echo the roar,
The song of the deep, but ah! nevermore,
Nevermore! for love's longing was dead.

Closer she pressed to her listening ear,
The tenantless door that was empty and drear,
Just for a message from over the sea,
Will the whispering winds bring only to me,
The same doleful murmur, the same nevermore.

She upbraided the shell for the answer it gave,
As it sang every song of the tumbling wave,
A requiem soft, a murmer so low,
And the tale was untold, and the voiceless woe
Sank into her waiting heart.

Perhaps the cold wave that dashed at her feet,
Had wandered away from the sides of the fleet,
To bring her a message, some balm for her loss,
Every banishing curve, every foam-crested toss,
Only kissed the white beach and was gone.

The maiden is dead, but the sea as before,
Softly pulses the tide while the sad nevermore,
Is the notes of its song, is the tale that is old,
As the waves softly ebb from the rocks gray and cold,
To be lost in the infinite deep.

The Grateful Rain

S. M. WATSON.

Rain, rain, rain! how many complain,
Because of the beautiful rain;
But the grass is green, the wood path clean,
And the water shines with a silver sheen,
As on it falls the rain.

Wet, wet, wet! it has not done yet;
The red-breast sings while others fret;
On a swaying bough, I hear him now
As he sings and sings, I cannot tell how,
While he is wet with rain.

Dash, dash, dash! the willow boughs lash
The swelling stream with lazy plash;
While dripping with rain, their low refrain
Is always the same again and again
"We love, we love the rain."

Drip, drip, drip! the water fowls dip,
And o'er the laughing waters skip;
On a rainy day, they love to play,
And by actions plainer than words they say,
"We do enjoy the rain."

Sop, sop, sop, will it ever stop?
Like sparkling diamonds every drop,
The rain a blessing from heaven lent,
To the just and the unjust kindly sent,
The grateful, grateful rain.

The Old Norse King

TOMMIE S. TURNER.

AN OLD Norse king, one stormy night,
Sat in the light of his blazing fire;
The dry log burned, the blaze grew bright
Until the hall was filled with light,
As the blaze kept leaping higher and higher.

The tempest madly raged without,
And tossed the grandest trees in its might;
As soldiers storm a strong redoubt,
And beat against the walls and shout,
So it beat the king's great hall that night.

Darker than Egypt was the night,
And the wind blew with a hollow sound;
The old king's hall was made more bright
By the darkness without; the light
Filled the hall's dark recesses around.

Such is the night, as by his fire
The old king talks with his counselors
Of human life and its desire,
Its destiny and passion fire,
And the thoughts of each in turn he hears.

And while they talk a sound is heard,
As, fluttering from the wind and rain,
In at the window comes a bird,
Flies o'er them and is then unheard,
For it flies through the window again.

"Such," said the king, "is the life of man;
Out of the darkness into the light,
Through the light into the darkness again;
Lost in the storm and chaos amain,
Lost in the dark, tempestuous night!"

"Aye," said a courtier, bent with years,
And the light in his old eyes was fond,
And they sparkled with unshed tears,
"Aye, the bird's flight a lesson bears,
For the bird has a nest beyond!"

Winter, and the Poor

JAMES THOMAS WARD.

SOFTLY falls the feathery snow,
Rudely, chilling winds do blow,
Brightly now the coal-fires glow,
For cold winter 's come.

Closely 'round the fireside draw,
From the snow and winds secure,
But, oh! think ye of the poor,
Without house or home.

Go, and bid them to partake
Of your comforts for His sake,
Who, when here on earth, did take
Pity on the poor.

Yea, who did Himself bereave
Of the highest wealth, to give
Unto all who will receive,
Riches evermore.

In Twilight Hours

CLARENCE H. URNER.

SOMETIMES in twilight hours when earth assumes
Her dusky garb, and silence holds her sway,
The mind will wander from us far away,
To mingle with the softly gathering glooms,
Till all our fancies, draped in sable plumes,
Are darker than the regions where they stray;
We, trembling, turn from scenes in wild dismay,
Where death imagined in the distance looms:
But, ere we know, a thought will o'er us steal,
And hush us to the turmoil of the breast,
To muse on those who long since passed away,
And, heeding faithful memory's wild appeal,
Are taught, that whatsoe'er befalls the best,
Should scarce awake a dread in baser clay.

A Song Flower

SOPHIE H. ELLIS.

I'LL plant a daisy in thy garden space,
I'll tell thee why,
Because in storm or sunshine its sweet face
Turns to the sky,
So may thy faith, though wrapped in clouds of night,
With steadfast gaze,
Still turn to Him whose love shall surely light
Life's darkest days.
So shalt thou hope and comfort see
In sorrow's hour,
And this shall be a sign to thee,
This daisy flower.

Jephthah's Daughter

FRED MYRON COLBY.

I SAW the lithe young form superb with grace,
Dancing along the sward with fairy feet
Soft sandaled, gem ankleted, and as fleet
As any mountain roe that won a race
Upon the heights of Gilead crowned with wood.
Dark-eyed she was, with radiant, earnest gaze,
And her jet hair fell with slumbrous haze
O'er the pearl smoothness of a neck that stood
Like a white tower rising tall and fair
Amid a host of other beauties rare.

Her flowing cymar wrought of wondrous stuff,
Clung to the fair form as if loving it;
And her girdle gleamed as if bit by bit
The metal had been polished from the rough.
It seemed a gliding serpent round her waist,
So brightly did its flexile links abide.
Bare armed, unveiled, her fingers henna dyed
Like Persian odalisque, so without haste,
Glided the Hebrew maid across the lea
Where flowers and grasses waved a mimic sea.

The morning sun kissed lovingly her face
Dusky with the hot glow of Southern skies;
And 'neath her vest I saw her bosom rise
Palpatant and tender, and e'en could trace
The voluptuous curve of graceful limb,
As in the languid measures of the dance
She moved ecstatic like one in a trance,
Or who had quaffed from joyous goblet's brim.
Her happy voice kept tune with lulling charm
To the music of the timbrel on her arm.

The palm-trees waved their branches o'er her head,
Making soft shadows on the dewy green;
The birds hushed their song notes amongst the sheen
Of emerald leaves, listening to the tread
Of maiden's feet and clash of timbrel loud,
And Mizpah's high towers looked proudly down
Upon the scene and saw the banners blown
Of the "warrior Gileadite" and his crowd
Of soldiery returning from the fray
Victorious, with all this proud display.

Milton

PERSIS E. DARROW.

IMMORTAL poet! to earth's glory blind,
That brighter glory which we hope to view
In realms celestial just beyond the blue
To thy blest vision, cleared and refined,
In all its wondrous splendor forth hath shined.
And sheol's horrors, which the damned pursue
With torments such as never mortal knew,
Thou sawest from the windows of thy mind.
Before thy death thou passedst the abyss;
But after death with us thou still dost rest,
And doubly art thou, matchless poet, blest;
For immortality in Heaven, I wis,
Is not alone thy gift by God's behest;
Immortal life on earth thou shalt not miss.

Rural Innocence

S. DYER.

BY a meadow daisy-tangled,
In a cottage many-angled,
Dwelt she there;
Like a bee, a guileless rover
Mid the summer scented clover,
Trilling joyous sonnets over,
Sweet and fair.

On the spray that droops above her,
Bird and blossom woo and love her,
As she strays,
Innocence in every feature;
Gathering sweets, and growing sweeter,
As the dallying sunbeams greet her
With brighter rays.

Every heart is filled with raptures,
As her guileless sweetness captures,
Blissful thrall!
Not an angel, yet angelic,
For her heart to love is telic—
Eden's pure and brightest relic
Since the fall!

Happy maiden, may life's beaming
Ever bring thee blissful dreaming
Till the even;
Then, may the radiance o'er thee pending
When shall come the final ending,
Brighter glow till all is blending
Into Heaven!

Autumn Leaves

HARRIET WARNER RE QUA.

FALLING, falling,
Through the misty air from cloud-land, like bright blossoms under feet,
'Mong the old, worn grasses lying, and the moisture of the street
Falling from the heights of glory where the sunset splendors are
Caught and held for days together in those brown arms witching snare.

Falling, falling,
Flames of crimson, royal-purple, ashen-gray and yellow-gold
Soon to lie extinguished, sodden, pinioned to the frosty mould
Like the love-lit hearts that ever true tho' unrequited prove
So they burn themselves to ashes with the fire of their own love.

Falling, falling,
And they measure in their passing days and years forever fled,
Once again the year grows mellow, soon to drop down sere and dead.
Years, that bud and bloom and wither, are ye fairest when is passed
All the heartache of your living to the passion Death at last?

Falling, falling,
Years of life, O do ye gather into crystal cells the gain
From the clay wherein ye struggle, from the sunshine, from the rain?
When the frost-king smites with terror, striking where love's tendrils twine,
Then do common things turn golden, prisoned dew-drops into wine?

Two Sunsets

LINDA SCHERMERHORN HIRNER.

RECOMPENSE.

AN August day draws slowly to its close.
I gaze afar with listless, longing eyes,
Half homesick for the far-off purple rise
Of mountain peaks. The sun sinks to repose.
A level flood of mellow brightness flows
O'er level wheat fields. Gorgeous are the dyes
That paint with splendor all the western skies.
Yon somber cloud a blazing beacon grows;
The billowy wheat a golden ocean surges.
I share with earth and heaven that tide of light—
That nameless glory that doth still abide,
To usher in and prelude twilight's dirges.
O prairie land! thy recompense is right—
Thy sunset fires no mountain wall doth hide!

RETROSPECT.

I mind me of a sunset, long ago,
When life was in its May-time, like the year.
A distant college town—to me how dear!
A quiet street where budding maples grow,
A slight girl sitting on a door-step low,
As half expecting some sweet sound to hear,
Toward the maples turns her list'ning ear.
Her cheeks reflect the sunset's rosy glow,
Her eyes and lips her happy heart discover.
As, waving high a branch of blossoms white,
The flowers she loves; he comes, her boyish lover.
Silent they sit, nor note the less'ning light;
For them, the sun is risen, the night is over,
The world is all abloom with Eden's lost delight.

A Trill of Song

ADELAIDE STOUT.

WHO hath not longed for morning;
For morn whose silvery wings
Alway to the lone watcher
Something of healing brings.
That wakes at least the voices
We did not care to wake.
With moan that thro' the darkness
Our pain drawn lips would make.

We counted off the hour strokes
Almost till break of day,
But morn came herald to us
In an unlooked for way:
There pulsed athro' the stillness,
A sudden trill or song—
So *sweet*, the time thereafter
Of darkness seemed not long.

So silvery sweet the bird notes
They moved our soul to tears,
Yet each was but a quaver,
We'd heard such notes for years.
But *veined* athro' the darkness
They touched the finest string
In our poor weary spirit;
Perhaps their heralding

The morn lent half their sweetness—
But tell me, O mine own,
Is it not quite as likely
Some sweet familiar tone,—
Of child, or wife, or mother,
May strike the key-note, when
There's naught to tell of morning
To our poor earthly ken?

Some voice whose silvery sweetness
To earthly ears grew still,
Before the heavenly dawning
Our listening soul may trill:
Some voice may fill the darkness
With pulses of sweet song
Thereafter till "the dawning;"
Perhaps 'twill not seem long!

Then be thou very patient,
O watcher for the light!
There may come quick notes trilling
The very heart of night.
Trill soft, O voice familiar,
That most we long to hear!
Trill through the dark that lieth
Between our soul and where

The full day brings the chorus
Of all the angel host,
For in *that* song the sweetness
Of thy trill may be lost:
And any soul is lonely,
And every soul hath fear,
In that dread, awful stillness—
"Before the dawn appear."

Here Below

BY CY WARMAN.

YOU can talk about your honey-
Suckle home beyond the sky;
Your sun-kissed over yonder,
And your blooming by and by.
Of the silver waves that warble
Up against the golden shore,
Of your heathery hereafter
And you endless evermore—
But if you've a lot of rapture
And would like to let it go,
Just sift a little sunshine
In the shadows here below.

Don't cluster up your kisses
For my cold and clammy brow;
This life is long and lonely,
Come and let me feel them now.
It's all right to lay up treasures
In the realms where they won't rust,
And to figure on the future
And to try to put your trust
In Him who made the Universe;
But it won't hurt, I know,
To sift a little sunshine
In the shadows her below.

The Fife

GILBERT L. EBERHART.

WARLIKE fife! ah, how rife
With the battle's stormy strife,
Are thy sharp reverberations as they ripple into life!
And we hear far and near,
Falling on the startled ear,
All the piercing undulation of the music shrill and clear!

There's a sense, most intense,
Of impatience and suspense,
As the notes exulting, screaming, from thy throat are rattling hence;
And a thrill which no will,
And no force or human skill,
Like thy voice's ring of valor, can the soul with daring fill.

And the peal, which we feel,
Like a blade of keenest steel,
Crashing through the brain that's loyal, cutting through the heart that's leal,
Brings unrest to the breast,
As we see in battle prest.
All the brave and sturdy legions that thy call hath sent to rest.

In thy tones, hear we groans,
And the deep and dying moans,
Of the heroes who, at Concord, and at Monmouth, left their bones;
And again, on the plain
Of Antietam's iron rain,
Hear thy voice defiant, swelling o'er the battle's wail of pain.

But the years dry our tears,
And assuage all griefs and fears;
And thy blasts of war have vanished with our slaughtered heroes' cheers;
Yet on high swells thy cry,
Like an anthem to the sky,
While our serried hosts triumphant, in our dreams go marching by.

And to God, from the sod,
Which our fallen martyrs trod,
Ever rise their blood as incense, ever march their souls abroad,
Keeping time with the chime,
And the symphony sublime
Of the valiant tramp of freemen, and the glory of our clime.

"Acrostic"

E. S. HALIN.

SAFELY guide her walks through life,
As duty calls 'mid toils and strife;
'Round her throw thy watchful care,
And guide her feet from every snare;
Help her in the hour of need
As on life's journey she shall speed;
Neither let the slander's tongue
Nor poisoning words e'er do her wrong,
O'er her keep thy kindly power,
Nor lose her in that final hour.

The Ol' Fence Row

S. Q. LAPHUS.

LONG the ol' fence row, 'long the ol' fence row,
How I love to wander slowly as the seasons come and go:
Where the starlight blows are gleamin' from the briars leafy spray
And the snowy elder blossoms form a fragrant milky way,
When the winged-stirred air is laden with a thousand subtle scents,
Then I love to wander slowly 'long the ol' rail fence.

Oh, the ol' fence row! Oh, the ol' fence row!
I can see it as I saw it in the misty long ago:
With the milkweed pods a-burstin' an' the shoomake growin' red,
With the sassafras a-sheddin' spicy odors overhead,
With the tangled vines a-creepin' through the many cracks and rents
An' the fuzzy catnip growin' 'long the ol' rail fence.

'Long the ol' fence row, 'long the ol' fence row,
Many winter days I've traveled in the freezin' ice an' snow!
I have seen the faded flowers an' have heard the chillin' breeze
As it sung of colder weather through the naked, leafless trees:
But the sunny Maytime followed with its balmy recompense
An' the path was green an' smilin' 'long the ol' rail fence.

Oh, the ol' fence row! Oh, the ol' fence row!
Seems that life is somethin' like it as we're trampin' to an' fro;
Fer the blossoms an' the brambles are a growin' side by side
An' the daisy's overshadowed by the thistle in its pride,
An' to keep the beaten pathway takes a deal of common sense,
For the track of life's as crooked as an ol' rail fence!

The Bar of the Columbia

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

OVER the Bar! into the spray,
Fleet as a hound scenting his prey;
Into the swells! deeper they grow,
Blue is the sea, foam white as snow;
Breezes how fresh, pennons are gay,
Mountains fade out, lost in the gray
Mist of the morn, far, far away;
Beautiful realms, out as we go,
Over the Bar!

Paths of all flags, symbols of sway,
Home of the wind's laughter and play;
Wings of white gulls—is it not so,
Whiter wings still come winging low,
Angels to watch swifter than they?—
Over the Bar!

Apple Blossoms

APPLE blossoms! crowns are they
On the lovely brow of May;
Ask the South Wind how it brought
All this beauty magic-wrought,
Thus to change the brown and gray
Of the landscape, on its way,
To such fairy-like display;
Wings are ye to lift my thought,
Apple blossoms!

Rapture in my heart holds sway,
Seas of fragrance with their spray
Deluge me, and I am caught
In sweet tides of song untaught
From the birds that haunt the gay
Apple blossoms.

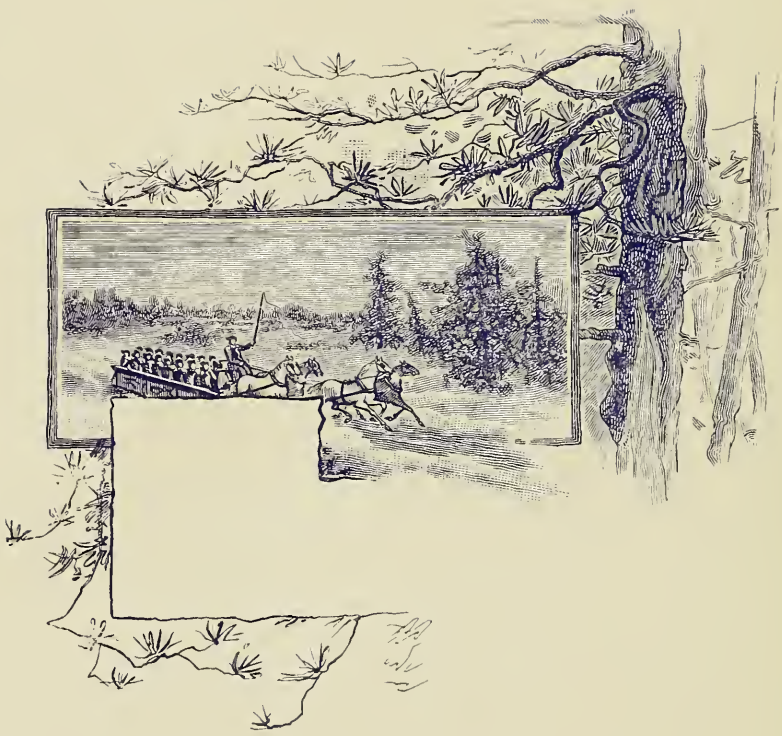
Cupid is Abroad To-night

S. Q. LAPIUS.

FLYING hoofs and jingling bells,
On the air the music swells;
Frozen spume-flakes floating wide,
From the steeds on either side;
Swaying sled with merry load
Down the sheeted moonlit road
Glides—an engine strong and swift—
Through each deep opposing drift;
Beauty's cheeks are crimsoned bright—
Cupid is abroad to-night!

Shouting boys and laughing girls,
Sparkling eyes and shining curls,
Foaming steeds and creaking sleighs,
Ploughing through the snowy ways;
Merry jest and happy song
Cheer the crowd that speeds along,
By the farm-house, grim and dark,
Where the watch-dog's wicked bark
Makes the horses shy with fright:
Cupid is abroad to-night!

Crescent moon and twinkling stars
Strew the road with silver bars,
Mingling with the dismal shade
By the tossing tree tops made.
Here doth naughty Cupid hide,
Bow and quiver at his side,
Waiting to discharge a dart
At some blushing maiden's heart.
See, the red lips change to white—
Cupid is abroad to-night!



Slender form kept safe from harm
By a strong encircling arm;
Love-lit eyes and ruby lips,
Finger-tips meet finger-tips,
Hands clasp's hand—and then—you know,
Cupid leaps from out the snow,
Finishes the work begun—
Two hearts pierced instead of one.
Hear him laugh, the merry sprite—
Cupid is abroad to-night!

Noon in Florida

IDA WITHERS HARRISON.

HOW this sweet stillness rests my weary soul!
Life's busy, pulsing tide has passed me by
And left me for a while; this tranquil sky
Breathes blessed benizens; the soothing roll
Of ocean on the beach, sounds like the toll
Of care and sorrow; oft my languid eye
Through aisles of many-pillared pines can spy
Its silvery gleam—like some long wish for goal.
And this at noon!—when in our eager clime
The streaming streets are full of busy life,
And toil, and care, and fret are in their prime.
Sweet summer land! t'is good to leave the strife
Awhile behind, and bathe us in the balm
Of thy kind air, and learn its heavenly calm.

Now Thank Ye All Our God

CHARLES D. PLATT.

NOW thank ye all our God
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who doeth wondrous things
For us and all the nations;
Who from our mother's arms
And on through childhood's days
His boundless love hath shown
To us until this hour.

O may this bounteous God
Bless us through all our life-time;
An ever joyful heart
And precious peace give to us;
And keep us in His grace
While countless ages roll;
And save us from all woe
In this world and the next.

Give honor, glory, praise
To Father and to Son;
To Him who with them both
Reigns on the heavenly throne;
To God, the Three-in-One,
As when all things began,
And is and shall remain,
World without end, Amen.

The Immortal Hymn

E HARRIET HOWE.

"JESUS, Lover of my soul,"
Sang I softly o'er and o'er,
"Let me to Thy bosom fly,"
I would part from Thee no more.
I would in this haven rest,
When the raging storm is nigh;
When all earthly help has failed,
"Let me to Thy bosom fly."

"Jesus, Lover"—O how sweet,
Came the precious thought to me,
Earthly love is all too fleet,
Longs my soul for constancy.
"Jesus, Lover," soft and low,
O'er my soul the cadence fell;
Words and thoughts together flow,
Nor can half its meaning tell.

"Jesus, Lover," dearest friend,
All my griefs to Thee I bring;
Thou wilt consolation send,
And my longing heart shall sing,
"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind."

"Jesus, Lover"—and the strain
As it rose was all a prayer
Over a remembered pain
And the blight of something fair;
Yet in all my pain and woe
For this vanished hope of mine,
To the grave where Love lies low
Comes the Comforter Divine.

"Jesus, Lover"—nothing less
Will my soul receive from Thee,
Than Thy love and faithfulness,
And my ceaseless cry shall be:
"Thou of life the fountain art
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity."

The Dead

W. B. SEABROOK.

Once, in a dream,
I saw two spirits shine above the town,
Whose marts ten thousand busy mortals thronged.
One said,
With eyes of utmost pity gazing down,
"Behold, the dead."

God's Ways

MRS. AMBER KETCHUM ROBINSON.

I HEARD the songs of Nature
When all around was glad;
And thus I thought, and wondered
Why man alone is sad.

The birds, the trees, the flowers
So beautiful to see;
While in the plan of Nature
All seems harmony.

The soft and scented zephyrs,
Whisper, 'mid the night,
They kiss the sleeping lilies
In seeming glad delight.

But often broken hearted
And filled with blank despair,
The child of Earth grows weary
And longs for scenes more fair.

'Mid my meditations
God bade me look again,
That I may learn the reason
Of misery and pain.

'Twas a perverted picture
That I had seen before,
Now all seems changed about me
As I gaze the picture o'er.

I see the disappointments
Along our path that lay,
Are meant to lead us all aright
Into the "narrow way."

Oft, pain and deepest sorrow
  Leads to our highest good;
It wings the tired spirit
  And bears it unto God.

Thus in the Master's garden
  When seeming pain is rife,
He knows; and deems it prudent
  To use the pruning knife.

Thus learn 'mid silent sorrow
  In Him does goodness dwell,
And in his love and wisdom
  He doeth all things well.

A Reminiscence

I. S. SMITH.

WHILE sitting neath these cool and shady bowers,
  Fond memory roams to other scenes and hours;
Bright flowers I see and warbling birds I hear,
But memory brings me birds and flowers more dear.
There is a spot where memory loves to rest,
A scene, whose image pictured in my breast,
Is twined with all that's beautiful and dear,
With all that weeps affection's saddest tear.
My childhood home! By soft and sunny glades,
By daisied pastures mixed with forest shades,
By twittering birds that flit from tree to tree,
And by sweet wild-flowers I'll remember thee.

Scattering Largess

M. E. H. EVERETT.

WHEN my good Prince comes riding by,
And at his feet my head is bowed,
His own fair hand, his dear white hand,
Will scatter largess to the crowd.
Not for my weak life's aims and ends,
Not for my poor heart's hope, he cares,
But for all hands that grope in night,
And for all white lips' trembling prayers.

And with his royal hand he flings
No paltry moneys, as he rides,
But coins of old, whose graven face
A sacred sign of blessing hides;
Or pearls, that lift the dazzled eye
To look if stars so whitely glow,
Or rubies, like the deep drawn drops
That from the heart of mercy flow.

He looks not right, he looks not left,
To see what hand his largess claims;
His eyes are wandering to a cross
That marks God's pity for earth's shames.
He scatters with no stinting hand,
My Prince so bountiful and free,
And though he notes not where I wait,
Some of his treasure falls to me!

Revealed

JOHN M. STAHL.

WHERE dwells the past? The pilgrim years,
The friends and hopes that we have known,
The timid smiles that swift have flown,
Though swift, bedewed with bitter tears.

Perchance on some great orb of space
The years and hopes and friends again
Live in the fleeting lives of men,
The smiles and tears leave second trace.

That we might know. The stricken heart
Would fain explore the dim unknown,
But it appalls, where they have flown,
Our hearts grow sick before they start.

A mist and darkness hover grim
Around the border, fearful tones
Are echoed, see we dead men's bones,
And spectres, monstrous shapes and dim.

Our friends are by, they wave farewell,
We weep, we try to hold them here,
They pass beyond the barrier drear,
We listen and we hear their knell.

We strain our mortal eyes to see
The loved form, but we can not scan
The shadowy spirit realm, to man
The fiat is — it must not be.

But One has promised — He who gave
The past and present, and who holds
The future in His hand, and moulds
All things that are — the boon we crave:

Our hopes rich fruited, smiles and friends
To us be given, but our tears
Be hid forever with the years —
For our sad yearnings sweet amends.

Angelus Bells

F. SCHREIBER.

AT dawn of morn,
When rosy hue
And brilliant dew
The world adorn,
Sweet bells resound
From towers around:
Ave Maria.

The lovely tune
Thrills through the air
So clear and fair
Again at noon
Vibrating high
Up to the sky:
Ave Maria.

The day is spent,
A last salute
Steals o'er the mute,
Enchanted bent
Of hills and mounds
In dormant sounds:
Ave Maria.

The sweet accord
Recalls to mind
The Angel's word,
Which to mankind
Brought joy and grace
In every place.
Ave Maria!

Man's Heritage

WILLIAM S. LORD.

AH! who is he can say he's poor, bereft
An heritage to make him rich; or left
Without a friendship of the better kind,
Alone, the true and false of life to find?

Myriad hosts of men have lived and died,
Bequeathing to the world an eventide,
The lessons of their daily lives, in deeds,
In thoughts, in words; and these have sprung as seeds.

Each day, through all the ages past,
Has added something to the last;
With hundred tongues each year has rung,
And thousand-voiced have centuries sung.

Each word, each act, each thought sublime
Has served a step, on which to climb
To paths more near the lofty height
Whence cometh knowledge and all light.

The topmost of these paths are ours,
To beautify with love and flowers.
And unto us 'tis also given
That we should bear with us toward Heaven
A plant from meaner walks below,
And nourish it that it may grow.
For us were made the moon, the stars:
Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars,
Are ours to wonder at, and see
Reflected there the Deity.
And in our quest of better things
Oh, never may these truths take wings:
The sick are ours to nurse, to heal—
And theirs the joy our touch to feel;
The blind are ours to lead aright
And kindly point the way to light;
And ours the weak to strongly aid
Ere our own strength become decayed.

Yes, all of these are ours,
  And ours to do.
When each has done his best
He's summoned to his rest:
  This last the blessed gift—
  It into Heaven doth lift
    The weary one
  Among eternal flowers.

The Fire Grenade

J. B. SMILEY.

OH, thou red and lengthy bottle
    Hanging on the wall,
Thou art wondrous in thy workings
    If thou'lt work at all!
Canst thou quell the mighty raging
    And thy power assert
O'er the fire's destructive fury,
    Oh, thou little squirt?

Hast thou in thy little gizzard,
    Hidden from the light,
Something that can give dyspepsia
    To the flames so bright?
When the blaze hilarious dance,
    Very gay and pert,
Canst thou make it sick and bilious,
    Thou small capsule squirt?

Hast thou lots of cat-like temper
    Bottled up in you?
Wouldst thou like to spit and sizzle—
    See what thou canst do?
Wouldst thou talk to fiery fairies
    Saucy, short and curt?
Wouldst thou fly right in their faces,
    Oh, thou little squirt?

For His Dear Sake

KATE B. SHERWOOD.

I HAVE gathered the dewy roses,
The lily and columbine,
The ivy, and iris, and myrtle,
And pale sweet jessamine;
And out where some brave heart is lying
In an unmarked lonely place,
For his dear, dear sake, I will strew them,
Who slumbers at Rocky Face.

I woke when the odorous morning
Came royally from the gloom,
And I wept as my gay companions
Went culling from bloom to bloom;
Ah, little they know of the sighing,
And little of all the tears
That stifle the heart that is asking
The loves of its happy years!

And I thought of the last fond message
He sent in his hopeful way:
"But one little week, and I'm coming,
My Queen of the joyous May."
Now out in the wilds he is sleeping,
The where I may never see.
O May of the Mays!—the gladdest
And saddest of all to me!

I know not where they have laid him,
My gallant, my brave, my own,—
Out, out where the wild fern is growing,
And the pines through the long years moan;
And erst when the dead they have honored
With flowers and praiseful song,
I have lain in my darkened chamber
And murmured the whole day long.

And now I have gathered the flowers;
  And out where the lonely dove
Is making lament I will strew them
  O'er some other woman's love;
And may be in days that are coming,
  With sorrow her sweet eyes dim,
Some other sad one will be strewing
  May's beauteous blossoms o'er him.

Nearer My God and Thee

CY WARMAN.

GO make you a mark far above me,
  Near the top of the temple of fame;
Say that you'll endeavor to love me,
  When there I have written my name.
Think not of the hearts who have fainted
  While striving for what I would be,
For I shall be better for striving,
  And nearer my God and thee.

No burden could be too heavy;
  No task ever seem too great,
No journey too long or too lonely;
  No hour too early or too late.
For my matchless love would be thriving
  On the hope of the bliss to be,
And I should be better for striving,
  And nearer my God and thee.

All the long way from noontime till midnight,
And back from the midnight to noon;
  By the bright light of love I'd be toiling,
  And hoping the end would be soon.
And when time of hope had bereft me,
  Tossed wildly on life's troubled sea,
I should know that the struggle had left me
  Still nearer my God and thee.

Doubt

MARGARET PRICE.

YOUR words have touched my quiv'ring soul.
No, no! I still have self-control,
So come not near.
I do not say I yield at last,
Beneath the spell your words have cast
Upon me here.

I say but this: (Ah, yes, I know
You found it out long, long ago,)
You rule my life.
No, no! Stay there. A mighty task
'Tis to refuse you what you ask:
To be your wife.

My throbbing heart longs to deceive
My calmer mind. Could I believe
Your passion true,
The splendor of these saddened eyes
Would shame the tint of yonder sky's
Deep azure hue.

I doubt your love. It may be true,
But how can I be sure that you
Love well at last,
When brighter eyes than these of mine
Have seen in yours such ardor shine,
In days now past.

My comrade, it were best for us,
If you had never spoken thus
Of love to me.
For we can never now go back
Along the broad, well-beaten track
Of friendship free.

And in exchange you offer this —
Your fickle love — a transient bliss
Of lips and eyes.
Stand where you are! E'en one caress
Would crush me low. My soul's distress
For mercy cries.

Respect my doubt, and go your way.
You cannot win me 'neath your sway
By prayer or sigh.
I could not trust you, tho' you swore
By all the loves you've loved before —
And now good-by.

Be True

F. E. M'FADDEN.

IN the springtime of life, when the queen of the morning,
Bathes all her bright blossoms in glittering dew,
And strews them about thee, life's pathway adorning,
Be true, be true.

When life's restless tide bears thee out o'er its ocean,
Keep love's beacon star ever proudly in view;
Fondly kneel at the shrine of the pure heart's devotion,
Be true, be true.

In the evening of life, when the beauty declining,
The star of thy being slopes adown the deep blue,
And death's withered leaves with life's blossoms are turning,
Be true, be true.

Under the Leaves

JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

"WHY search for flowers any more?" she said,
Turning aside to leave the quiet wood;
Yet all undaunted her companion stood,
A shaft of sunlight falling on her head.
"For me no flowers ever bloom!" she cried;
"Always and ever have I looked in vain!
Only the dull brown leaves like leaves of pain
Drifting around my feet from every side!"
"Nay, dear," the other answered tenderly,
Standing undaunted in the shadowy place;
"*Under* the leaves some flowers there may be,
Or some shy buds that promise all things sweet."
And kneeling, with a smile upon her face,
Uncovered blossoms at her very feet!

Robin, Sweetheart

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

IS he nae comin', O Robin! my Robin!
Is he nae comin' frae over the sea?
Lanely the north wind is sighin' an' sobbin';
Are ye nae comin', dear Robin, to me?

Yonder the sunlight the heather is tintin',
Simmer's fair ghaist i' the fa' o' the year;
O'er the pale cloud-wrack I see it a-glintin'!
Robin, puir Robin! Oh, wad he were here!

Weary the spring-time shone out o' the snow-wreath;
Weary the simmer wi' Robin awa';
Sorrow a-littin' o'er bracken an' furre-heath,
Croonin' a sang wi' nae music at a'!

What is it, gudeman? The fishers are comin'?
The Norther is bringin' them in frae the sea?—
Warm is the wind, though sae chill an' benumbin',
Warm is the wind that brings Robin to me!

Sair was our partin', but blithe be our meetin'!
Will he still praise me an' ca' me sae fair?
Dinna ye tell him, Jean, I hae been greetin'!
Is the blue ribbon a' richt i' my hair?

Oh, he is comin', my Robin! my Robin!
Redd up the ingle wi' kindliest cheer!
Gie o'er thy wark, Jean, thy spindle an' bobbin'!
Bleeze up the fire, for Robin is here!

Oh! for a welcome to Robin, my laddie!
Welcome the warmest, I loe him sae dear!
He wad nae mair than a merry heart, wad he?
Gleesome eneuch sin' his ainsel' is here.

Sunshine on the Trail

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT."

I NEVER like to see a man a ras'lin' with the dumps,
'Cause in the game o' life he doesn't allus ketch the trumps,
But I kin allus catton to the free an' easy cuss,
That takes his dose an' thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
Thar' ain't no use o' kickin' an' a swearin' at yer luck,
You can't correct the trouble more'n you kin drowned a duck—
Remember when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up an' slap him on the back an' holler "How d' ye do?"
An' grab his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you;
Then ax 'im wat's a-hurtin' 'im, an' laugh his cares away,
An' tell 'im that the darkest night is jest afore the day.
Don't talk in grave-yard palaver, but speak it right out loud.
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure an' of pain,
Some days are bright an' sunny, an' some are sloshed with rain,
An' that's jest how it orter be, fur w'en the clouds roll by,
We'll know jest how to 'preciate the bright an' smilin' sky,
To learn to take it as it comes, an' don't sweat at the pores,
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours,
An' allers keep rememberin' w'en cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots o' sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

All Alone

MRS. E. A. WEED.

AYE, I walk in the multitude,
And yet alone;
I list the music's strain,
How sad the tone.
The gleam of lights, the scent of flowers are there,
But my soul is away in realms of air.

I list a deep toned manly voice,
With passion ring;
The form is noble, proud,
As any king.
But the vail is torn from the past away,
And I see the ghost of a dear, dead day.

The lights grow dim, the music's strain
Has died away;
The proud face bending low,
Seems gone for aye.
And like a spirit pursued and driven,
Crying in vain to God and Heaven,

On, on, I speed nor pause; to where
My heart asleep,
With he whom I once loved,
Lies buried deep;
And the moonbeams shine on his resting place,
And the tears they trickle adown my face.

A voice, ah yes, my soul returns
From spirit land;
I smile, and give to him
A trembling hand.
Will I wed perhaps, and learn to be gay,
But my soul at times will wander away,

When I walk in the multitude,
Yet all alone;
When my dead love only,
Is all my own—
Then the lights will fade, and the music die,
And the sad heart will weep, and so will I.

Thy Will be Done

C. A. SCHALER.

THY will be done, with slow drawn word,
She formed the stammering plea.
It was an infant's earliest prayer
Learned at a mother's knee.
Unconsciously she lisped the words,
No import yet their meaning bore
To her soul fair as an opening dream,
On life's untrodden shore.
What port secure as a mother's breast
O'er which she fondly clung,
To lisp in life's uncertain dawn,
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done, 'tis uttered now,
By a maiden young in years;
Untried by the pangs of hopeless toil,
Nor racked by countless fears.
She stands midway upon the slope
Above the blue clouds meet,
Her womanhood, like them a dream,
Childhood, a stream, still at her feet.
Her's is the zone of tropic flowers,
Unmindful as she holds her course,
What on some lips might be a prayer,
On other lips a curse.
She walks through days but just begun,
And carelessly lets fall the prayer,
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done, head bowed on hands,
And spirit bent with care,
The words fall from a woman's lips,
With every word a prayer.
Upon a storm-lashed shore she kneels,
Within life's restless haven;

Deprived of every human tie,
Bereft of every stay, but heaven.
'Mid all this strife, this scene most drear,
With life's course nearly run,
Yet full of trust, her plea still is,
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done, O God, no more,
Through billowy surf, o'er rocky shore,
Folded her hands lie on her breast,
Peacefully she sleeps as a child at rest.
At last she has earned this moment's repose,
Struggling o'er life's rugged road,
Her step never faltered, her faith never failed,
For mercy and good deeds were ever her load.
Then let the storm break where mad waters run,
The winds in their rage still murmur the prayer,
Thy will be done.

The Moonlight

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

WHAT is the moonlight to me?
An infinite rest;
The subtle and sweet melody
Of song unexpressed.

What is the moonlight to me?
The peace of a river;
Companionship of a sea
That surges forever.

What is the moonlight to me?
Satisfaction completest;
A precious and dear memory
Of all that is sweetest.

What is the moonlight to me?
A tryst and a union;
A promise for futurity,
A blissful communion.

Like 'er Ma

S. Q. LAPIUS.

SOMEHOW things jest sort o' seem
Like a misty, hazy dream
Sence my little gal is gone—
Her my heart was set upon.
Yeller curls was on her head—
Golden ringlets, you'd a said;
Blue as indigo her eyes—
You'd compared 'em to the skies;
Pinkish nose, an' right beneath
Rows o' white an' shiny teeth;
Dimpled cheeks an'— well, you see
Like 'er ma, an' not like me!

I can see her plain to-day
Jest as when she went away;
See the smiles that run an' race
One another 'cross 'er face,
Up an' down an' everywhere,
Hidin' in the dimples there.
When we ust to take a walk
How that little gal 'ud talk
'Bout the blossoms on the trees,
'Bout the birds an' flow'rs and bees;
She liked purty things you see—
Like 'er ma, an' not like me.

I was alluz big an' rough,
Sort o' made o' knotty stuff,
But my wife its mighty plain
Has a some 'at smoother grain;
Fer that little gal o' mine
Was o' timber straight an' fine;

An' her manners was polite,
'Cause her ma had learnt 'er right.
"Yes, ma'am," an' "Yes, sir," when
She was talkin' to the men;
She was smart as she could be —
Like 'er ma, an' not like me.

But my little gal is gone,
Her I ust to dote upon;
An' the world looks rather dim
Sence she went to live with Him.
Seems as if the sun don't shine,
An' the posies droop an' pine;
Days are long an' nights are drear
'Cause the little thing aint here;
No one peeks from 'hind the door,
There's no playthings on the floor;
Life don t have no charm, you see —
Hardly, fer her ma an' me!

A Thunder-storm in the Valley

A. S. CONDON.

BRIGHT woke the morn to greet the coming day;
In God's great peace the slumbering valley lay;
Along the east the Dawn's dear angel went,
And clouds were roses in the Orient.
From out the darkling covert of the wood,
On flashing wing swept forth the choral brood;
Through spangled meadow set in emerald field—
So young in bloom its charms but half revealed—
The low, sweet murmur of a gentle stream
Interpreted in song Night's mystic dream;
And waving banks were beauty's lashes, lent
To fringe 'th inverted dome of firmament;
Bending the dew-wet ferns the brook beside,
Laughed at their faces in the curling tide.
Then up the golden ladder of the morn
Came the new sun, and, lo, the day was born!
Was e'er since time an earthly scene like this,—
So well befit the young June's tender kiss?
But ere the sun his dizzy zenith pass'd,
Hell's dunnest gloom was o'er the valley cast.
I saw the embattled armies in the air,
The splendid onset, and the marvelous glare
Of dead sky when clouds of the furious north
Lifted to let the murky squadrons forth,
Sheltered I stood where snows eternal are
To view this awful pageantry of war.
Slow spreading out a fateful nimbus hand
Hid the red sun and veiled dissolving land;
And just below a tawny cloud appear'd,
Trailing, what seemed, a faded shaggy beard;
A whisper all the nervous poplars stirr'd
With breath so low th' attentive ear scarce heard.
And now the wind's wild fury sweep the height,
Till brave old trees bow low before its might;
A weird calm falls, but through the vacant air
Strange pulses beat the tall cliffs, brown and bare;

Again the moan loud rises to a wail,
And swimming skies surge on the swelling gale;
All living things the open plains forsook,
While fitful gusts the leaning mountains shook;
Peace fled the now infuriated sky,
And cloud battalions swiftly moved on high.
Deployed, and massed the hoary granite hight,
And denser grew noon's premature night;
Down through a gorge the boiling vapors roll,
Drove on by winds that curl them like a scroll;
Across the plain, up from the gulf below,
The storm-born centaurs charge the mountain's brow;
And now the blazing clouds together come,
The air is still, save heaven's tumultuous drum;
The cliffs, sonorous, answer long and loud,
While Odin's clanging hammer smites the cloud;
Still living lightnings leap from peak to peak,
Still clouds wide rent with deep-mouthed thunders speak;
Across the valley swirls a lurid glow,
From eagle's erie to the earth below;
The mountain rims exhale mephetic breath,
And seemingly wall in a realm of death.
So passed an hour of elements at war,
When through the clouds shone Phœbus' fiery car;
The earth and air distracted with the strife
Declared a truce, and Death again was Life;
High hung in heaven an iridescent bow
That lit with joy the wreck-strewn earth below;
Tear-beaded trees their glad libations pour,
Hope chid the storm now passing swiftly o'er.

Dormitavi

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

THE violets blossomed neath my feet in Spring,
And Summer gave her rarest rose to me.
The blue-bird fanned the lily with its wing
And set a cloud of prisoned perfume free;
And softly on my weary senses fell
The sweetness from the swaying lily-bell.
The moon-beams kissed the white syringa flowers,
Oh ecstacy of tenderness and love,
Oh bliss of being! In those mystic hours
I seemed like one who ever lies and dreams,
And hears the wavelets of celestial streams
Wash by the thirsty shores of sin and death,
And feels upon his naked brow the breath
Of cooling breezes coming from above,
Laden with harmony from singing spheres,
That chant God's praises through His endless years.

The Good-night

GILBERT L. EBERHART.

THE moon was hanging in a cloudles midnight sky;
The stars smiled on the roses with a calm delight;—
I took her jeweled hand in mine to say good-night,
And rose to go. She said 'twas early, with a sigh,
And softly wound about my neck, her milk-white arms;
She breathed in love upon my lips, her balmy breath,
And drew my fainting heart out with her kisses' charms
While on her breast I died a strange, delicious death.
Her eyes met mine, and in my soul's voluptuous pain,
I trod the rounds of bliss, as kings their royal palaces,
While in my ears she poured her love, as o'er the plain,
The flowers spill their musk from out their crimson chalices.
We little reckt how fast or slow the moments flew,
Enraptured so were we by Love's bright, golden glory:
I know I said good-night, and she adieu;
But when, or how, is now our own sweet, secret story.

The Legend of the Rainbow

F. W. BRADLEY.

FAIR Hope lay hid in the sea;
A thousand fathoms deep lay she,
And the little sea-shells at her feet
Had lulled her to sleep with their murmurs sweet.
And while she was sleeping the grasses grew
And twined her long fingers among her hair,
And whispered in glee, "See our treasure new!
We'll keep her fast bound — such a plaything rare!"

But still fast asleep lay she.
The mermaids came in haste to see.
They mocked at her girdle, many-hued,
They scorned all her fairness with whispers rude.
But all thro' the moments each red-lipped shell
Was filling her sense with its slumbrous song,
And ne'er in her dreams did their voices tell
That the sun was away and the world gone wrong.

For above her the Storm-King raged.
Fierce battle with the waves he waged;
The winds from their ocean cave set free
And laughed with a will at their wicked glee.
He lured the lost ships to a rocky bed,
He drove the wild waters upon the shore,
Till the people, affrighted, cried "Hope is dead —
She will come for our saving, oh, nevermore!"

Then Hope awakened from sleep.
The little waves that guard the deep
Had fled from the storm above in fear,
And whispered their tale in her drowsy ear.
"The storm is abroad and the Winds are free!
'Tis time to awake and away!" she cried.
"No longer I'm dreaming beneath the sea;
With haste in his haunts shall the tyrant hide!"

She tried to arise, but alas!
Her hair was tangled 'mid the grass.
In vain did her tears for freedom sue;
The grasses held closer their plaything new.
She drew from her girdle a dagger keen
  And all in a moment the clustered rings
Were heaped at her feet in their golden sheen
  And Hope was away on her shining wings.

The Winds were silent in fear.
The Storm-King fled as she drew near.
Her girdle she flung across the sky
To tell the people that Hope was nigh.
But down in the sea lay her yellow hair,
  And as thro' the waters its shining sped,
The watchers on shore saw its radiance rare;
  "There is gold at the rainbow's end!" they said.

The Violinist

R. LOVEMAN.

The master deftly drew his bow,
  Across the violin's lips, and lo,
To liquid language clear and free,
  Leaped the imprisoned melody.

A Reverie

J. LEMACKS STOKES.

THE hum of busy life,
The city's restless strife,
Is all around;
And eager feet,
On errands fleet,
I hear continually resound.

But in this dear entreat,
In cadence soft and sweet,
The echoes blend;
And harmony,
And prophecy,
And joyous hope, their presence lend.

I catch the subtler strains
Of music life contains,
Trembling amid
The jarring noise,
In counterpoise,
And read what hitherto was hid.

I read God's purpose high,
Its notes more perfectly
Fall on my ear;
Like a river,
Onward ever,
Bearing man to a future fair.

Its low and rhythmic flow,
Hushing all strife and woe,
Singing the song
Of hope and peace,
And righteousness,
And final triumph over wrong!

My Experience

MY life has been a seeking of true friendship's goodly pearls,
But the rarest and the fairest I have found
Were hid in quiet waters of those pure and modest souls,
Whose still depths of love the plummet can not sound.

I made the great discovery, of the pearl of greatest price,
In my journey to this country of the heart;
Though I knew the worth of books and the beautiful could prize,
In another realm I found the better part.

I did not find my Saviour, I was rather found of Him,
'Twas His pleasure, the hid treasure in this field,
In this rich soil of the heart, to dig up for me Himself;
'Ere I knew myself could such a product yield.

And then He came and claimed me, as the purchase of His blood,
While the beauty and the glory I could see
Of the love I knew was mine, (for I now was known of God)
Of a friend above all earthly friends to me.

And thus I tell the secret of my early life in Christ,
Of the ruin and the passion of my soul.
An intellectual remedy can nevermore suffice
To relieve my heart, or make it fully whole.

And so I find the reason of true freindship's charm to me,
More than human seem the women and the men
Whom God doth join in union, the sacred bonds of Christ
To this soul of mine—God never comes till then.

At Evening Time

MRS. C. M. L. WRIGHT.

HOW sweet would it be could we linger
O'er the volume of life that is past,
With a feeling of satisfied comfort
And without one regret at the last.

But alas! when the leaves are turned over
We find on each page as we look,
Some glaring mistake, or a blunder,
We fain would blot out of life's book.

E'en the good we sought to accomplish,
With motives the purest and best,
Is so blurred and disfigured with errors,
We scarce can trace that from the rest.

The world will find much to censure;
Men are quick to condemn, and spare not,
The bad is seldom lost sight of,
The good is o'erlooked and forgot.

Have we tried to be humble and Christ-like,
Unselfish in things great and small,
With a heart free from envy or malice?
God knows it; He judgeth us all.

When the day is shading to twilight,
And our evening sun sinking from sight,
If He writes our name with the faithful,
At evening time it shall be light.

Some Day

E. HARRIET HOWE.

SOME day I shall be lying cold and still,
My quiet hands be folded on my breast,
No more to do the bidding of my will,
No more the conscious morn disturb my rest.
Some day my work will all be laid aside.
Ended, though yet unfinished, it will seem to me;
How many times I failed, how hard I tried,
That my life's work might more than stubble be.

Some day my noisy boys will gently tread,
No ringing shout of "Mother" reach my ear,
Lord, save them from the dangers that I dread,
When Thou hast taken me past all my fear.
Some day my weary feet will cease to climb
The uphill path that was so rough to me;
Though well-nigh slipping, yet how sweet the time,
I leaned my weakness by the way on Thee!

Some day the one beloved, whose gentle touch
Would send the thrilling currents to my heart,
Caress and vain regrets will lavish overmuch,
And tears that with mine might have flowed, will start
Dear eyes, grown careless to express their love—
I've searched so oft in vain, bring now their store,
Nor glance responsive, nor sealed eyelids move;
What would have been so precious, I shall need no more.

To-day great burdens lie upon my heart;
One who had sorrows left this message sweet,
"Bear ye another's burdens," but the heavy part
Himself doth carry, yet my wayworn feet
Hath faltered, and I sorely need, to-day,
Some words of comfort from a pilgrim friend,
Fulfilling His sweet will, as by the way
We walk together; maybe near the end.

Dear friends, to-day is ours, another dawn may shine,
Cloudless and fair, with no declining sun,
No need of any ministry nor aid of thine,
In that blest day. The work of life is done.

The Coming Contest

LEWIS N. CRILL, JR.

"MAN, woman and child shall have freedom of mind,"
The grand proclamation at last has been signed.
Go marshall thy hosts from the high and the low;
Go speak to the multitude waiting to know;
Unfurl Reason's banner and earnestly plead
For soldiers whose motto is "deed before creed;"
For valiant defenders who'll battle for right;
In the war of the intellect, gallantly fight
With sabers of Logic and bay'nets of Wit;
With Truth's cannonading hot volleys emit.
Who'll stand for dominion of heart and of brain,
Protecting the glories that freedom may gain.
Who'll labor and serve for the good of the race
'Till nothing is left but enlightenment's trace,
And the relics of blind superstition are piled
On the tomb of the past where Ignorance smiled.

The Army of Progress at last has been formed;
The hearts of its soldiers with valor is warmed;
The drum beat of Themis is rumbling along
The glittering file of that wonderful throng.
O'er hill and through valley the bugles resound,
Inspiring the true with a courage profound.
On every height are barricades strong
To fortress 'gainst rebels of Error and Wrong.
The din of the contest now echoes the hour
Of Might against Right in its rally for pow'r;
And thousands of true men are trembling with fear
For liberty, justice and all that is dear
To the hearts of those brave men who struggling have tried

To establish republics with Knowledge as guide.
Yet Wisdom's brave forces will conquer the foe,
And win for humanity freedom from woe.

On every land and from every crag
There waves the same symbol, the Trinity flag —
Equality, Justice and Freedom for all.
The walls of old Prejudice crumble and fall;
And with the same stone is builded anew
A monument grand for the Brave and the True.

The Last Journey

MRS. E. A. WEED.

WHEN I shall lay me down and die. How oft
I wonder when that day, that hour will be,
When all alone I'll trembling stand and gaze
Across Eternity's vast, sullen sea.

Oh! think you then that I shall be afraid,
And, like a craven, meet and fear my fate?
Or, will the memory of "might have been,"
Make me cry out, "Oh! that it is too late?"

Will all the hopes I've cherished mock me then,
And, like grim phantoms, stand upon the shore,
And whisper in my ear that hollow word,
That haunts the God forsaken "Nevermore?"

Will I recoil in terror from the waves
That break in sudden fury at my feet?
Or shrink from that pale messenger in fear,
Who comes to guide my bark o'er waters deep?

I pray that I may be prepared to meet
That alien craft that sails the unknown sea,
Whose darksome waters touch the shores of earth,
And ceaseless roll unto Eternity.

Then may I scatter all the blooms of earth
Upon the beach, as tokens for each friend,
And gaily smile, as if I surely meant
Some day to make my journey back again.

And trust the boatman pale to guide me safe,
Nor let my tiny bark by storms be driven;
And safely steer me past the port of Hell,
To that strange place we know by name of Heaven.

Those Eyes of Brown

C. W. KYLE.

IN all the world there is but one
Pair of eyes of brown
That are more beauteous than the sun
When it goes down.
They shine at morn, at noon, at night
Always for me
With love's enchanting trustful light
Of harmony.

Beside those eyes the starbeams shine
But languid, dull;
Their light to me is all divine—
Most wonderful!
And when their curtains softly fall
So coyly down,
I love them more than life, than all—
Those eyes of brown.

When crimson blushes upward sweep
O'er lips and face,
And slowly from her fair cheeks creep
With matchless grace,
Were I possessed of all the earth—
A royal crown!
I'd give it all to match their worth—
Those eyes of brown.

In them sweet summer ever shines
And fair flowers bloom;
There Pleasure stores her richest mines—
In them is room
For every thought of peace and love
My life to crown,
With joys surpassing heaven's above—
Those eyes of brown.

Sunset Teachings

CAMPBELL COYLE.

THERE is something in the gloaming
That sets my thoughts to roaming,
O'er the rough and dusty pathway
Winding downward through the years;
And I trace on back to childhood
Through city, vale and wildwood,
By the lakè and sea and river
Where my boyhood home appears.

In that dim and distant vision
Bathed in atmosphere elysian,
With eternal sunshine o'er it
And the shadows floating round,
I can find a balm for sorrow
And good cheer for to-morrow,
For I know that there is sunlight
When there is shadow on the ground.

In my mem'ry still there lingers
Like the hum of angel singers,
The voices of the field and forest
As the winds went sweeping by;
And the perfume of the clover
Which the bees went buzzing over
Gathers round me as I write this
Like sweet odors from the sky.

And the boys that used to gather
In the glad, bright summer weather,
On the green which like an em'rald
Decked the center of the town:
Some have passed beyond the portal
Of the summer land immortal
Where earth's crosses and its burdens
Are rewarded with a crown.

Some with laudable endeavor
Are still struggling hard wherever
The great all-wise over Ruler
Has seen fit their lot to cast;
Soon the battle will be ended
And life's broken threads be blended
By God's hand into a pattern
That forever more shall last.

In those clouds that roll and mingle,
Now together, now all single,
I see panoramic picture
Of this mortal life of ours;
Some are red and some are golden,
Others' flood of light's with holden,
And with dark and sullen visage
On the shadowed landscape lowers.

Of the moments coming, going,
Some are dark and some are glowing;
Some are lit with rare effulgence
From the glory of the sun,
Each reveals a silver lining,
For God's light is ever shining,
And each cloud is bright with promise,
Of the day when night is done.

The Old Bridge

SARAH A. JENCKES.

I MUST take my leave of the bridge to-night,
The bridge that has been the scene
Of childhood's play, and of youthful tryst
When the moonlight shone serene.

On shadowy forms that lingered awhile,
Unheeding the jeweled spray
That crowned their vows with a wreath of pearl
As fleeting and frail as they.

Over the bridge rushed the boys from school,
With ringing shout and laugh,
To the chestnut tree, where the last one now
Stands leaning on his staff.

A student from quiet college hall
To the gay saloon rode o'er;
At night from the bar to the bridge returned,
And met with his class no more

'Neath the willows beside the pier reclined
A fisher with hook and line,
Where in after years, a fisher of men,
He pondered the Book divine.

The bridegroom passed, and the fair young bride
With tearful yet trusting eyes,
To look on the grandeur of Alpine scenes,
The smile of Italian skies.

The old bridge echoed the martial tread
When a soldier band went o'er,
But though it wait long as the mother-heart,
It will kiss their feet no more.

Crushing its carpet of crimson leaves,
  Came homeward the harvest wain,
And children sought for the scattered fruit,
  And doves for the falling grain.

And often the dark funereal train
  Slowly and sadly passed,
To lay on earth's bosom the precious seed
  That will surely rise at last.

I must bid farewell to the bridge to-night
  Where waves of memory flow;
There's another bridge that my soul must pass
  To the land where I would go.

Its timbers are laid in the riven Rock,
  For so has the Maker planned;
Its arches most strong, and high, and wide,
  For by it two worlds are spanned.

With a living faith in the living Rock,
  I must cross the surging tide,
And find in green pastures the blood-washed flock
  For which the Shepherd died.

I shall see His glory who for our sake
  Bore railing, and scourge, and rod,
And made of His own most bitter cross
  The bridge between us and God.

Eugenie

WILLIAM BYRD CHISHOLM.

WHO would not weep with thee?
What breast so cold as not to spare one throb
For this imperial mourner?—every throb
That wails its speechless requiem o'er the lost
An answering throb in the world's heart hath crossed;
And thus we weep with thee?

Who would not weep with thee?
Thou Niobe of these, the latter days;
Too sacred for the world's intrusive gaze
Be this thy sorrow; yet with reverent hand
We'd strew the tomb, and with bared brow would stand
Beside to weep with thee.

Who would not weep with thee?
O'er the dashed chalice of thy darling pride,
The lone hope dearer than the world beside;
To thy despairing heart—the star that threw
O'er thy sad fate its one resplendent hue:
For him we weep with thee!

Who would not weep with thee?
But tears are vain; e'en though in every tongue
Thy sorrows were bewailed; and though among
The pomp of courts thy grief should throw its pall
O'er the high carnival, yet vain were all
Earth's sympathy with thee!

Who would not weep with thee?
Or rather, dashing back the futile tear,
Point thy dim eyes beyond the fading sphere
Of this thy grief and glory to the heart
That throbs above—there is thy better part;
Thus would we comfort thee!

The Engineer's Funeral

MRS M. K. COLBURN.

Yes, wife, the service was splendid, such as one seldom sees;
Think of preachin' a funeral sermon, at night, out under the trees.
But the train that's to bear poor Jim to his long home, far away,
In order to make connections, must pull out at break o' day.

So the comp'ny thought 'twould be nice, after the sun went down,
To have a twilight service, in front of the house, on the lawn.
An', wife, though my years number a'most four score,
I never yet saw anything half so solemn before.

"Abide With Me," sang the choir in tones so sweet an' soft,
While the low, solemn notes of the organ seemed to bear me up aloft.
Never before in my life did I seem so close to God,
As when the preacher said "Let us pray," an' we knelt on the velvet sod.

From my inmost soul I prayed that the Lord would be true an' kind
To the widow an' two little girls that Jim has left behind.
Then we arose, an' takin' his text the preacher said,
"Words are too feeble to express the respect we have for the dead.

"A man who loved an' feared his God, an' though dangers compassed 'round
Never shirked a duty, but at his post was always found.
An' though it's not for us to know the cause of this last sad ride,
Yet we know a hero each day he lived, an' like a hero he died.

"With his hand firmly grasping the lever he went thro' the bridge to his death,
An' I fancy a prayer for his loved ones went out with his dyin' breath.
A prayer that He who has promised to be the widow an' orphan's friend
Would not fail to watch over his darlings an' keep them to the end."

Then, wife, when "Nearer, My God, to Thee," went up through the trees, soft an' low,
Why, it seemed that earth had passed away an' heaven was here below,
An' as the beautiful moon arose, an' threw her gleam aslant the sod,
We bade good night to his lonely ones an' left Jim alone with his God.

Life's Yesterdays

D. E. MILLARD.

LIFE'S yesterdays! what meaning in those words!
They thrill the heart with sorrow or delight—
As vanished scenes return like swift-winged birds,
And bring us sunshine or a rayless night.

We measure days as prophets measured years,
Each year a day, with night to intervene
And break the earth-bound spell of joys and tears,
With hours of grateful rest that come between.

Our yesterdays! A dream! They sped so fast
We scarce could think what priceless blessings came
To gladden them, till all their hours were passed,
And only memory brought them back again.

Soon mortal life will be one yesterday;
For, when to-morrow comes, 'twill be its close,
And we shall end its bright or darkened way
In dreary death, or calm and sweet repose.

Which shall it be? With us it rests to tell;
This life is what we make it, and its end
Will bring unmeasured peace if we live well;
Unrest and pain if we to wrong shall bend.

The Home of Holy Freedom

CHARLES A. STORY.

CHILDREN of the great Republic,—
Born upon its plains and hills,—
Cradled by its shining rivers,—
Nursed among its springs and rills.
Can you see this Mighty Nation,
Passing into despot's hands?—
Swiftly, surely being taken,
By a power from other lands?

Ye who loved these gorgeous forests,—
Played among these deep ravines,—
Reared among the sons of heroes!—
Grand surroundings!—lovely scenes!
Will you let this foreign tyrant
Crush your souls?—and chain your hands?
Undermine your halls of learning?
Yield your all—at his commands?

Taught to love unbounded freedom;
Trained to worship as you please;
Taught to learn; to think; to reason;
Taught to foster all of these;—
Taught that you're created equal;—
Born a peer;—the slave of none;—
Born a peer;—but one above you,—
He—The Ever-Living One!

Taught to hate a boasting despot;—
Trained to scorn a tyrant's frown;—
Taught to loathe a base usurper;—
Hate the dastard and his crown;
Will you wake from careless slumber?—
Scan the stealthy villain's schemes?—
See his plans?—his preparations?—
Blast the lurking devil's dreams?

Then arise, true sons of heroes! —
Raise your free right hands and swear!
" Neath the Heavens That Bend Above us! —
Hear! — Thou God! — as we declare: —
This proud land of matchless beauty,
From its center to the shore,
Sacred Home of Holy Freedom,
Shall remain, — forevermore!

" Hear! — THE ONLY RIGHT TO GOVERN
Any Nation, brave and learned,
COMES FROM MILLIONS WHO ARE GOVERNED! —
Freely yielded! — Nobly earned!
Of the people, by the people,
For the people — is the plan; —
LAWS ENACTED BY THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE GREATEST GOOD OF MAN!

" Hear! — No *despot*, — no *usurper*, —
By whatever title known, —
Claiming honor, power, dominion; —
Boasting *sceptre*, *crown*, or *throne;*
Shall POLLUTE this land of reason; —
Land of Justice; Home of man! —
Shall DISGRACE this Great Republic! —
Hold its children under ban!

" Hear! — UNBOUND, as we received it,
From our fathers' hands, of yore; —
CHAINLESS, as the deep sea billows,
Rolling freely to the shore; —
As the mountain winds, UNFETTERED,
SO UNFETTERED THIS SHALL BE,
Sacred Land of Peerless Beauty,
HOLY HOME FOR ALL THE FREE!"

Our Hero

C. W. CROFFTS.

ON the Emerald Isle he opened his eyes
As bright and blue as summer skies.

The shamrock spread about his door,
He listened to the wild sea roar.

His spirit drank at Freedom's spring,
And like an eagle it took wing.

Afar he saw a beacon flame,
And o'er the broad Atlantic came.

The strong sea breezes round him swept,
The billows rocked him while he slept.

Columbia clasped him to her breast,
And here he grew, a child caressed.

She placed her banner in his hand
And bade him by that banner stand.

Dark in the South arose a cloud,
The angry tempest thundered loud.

O'er verdant fields grim-visaged war
With desolation drove his car.

Our glorious banner was assailed
And in the dust its folds were trailed.

Up sprang our hero with a host
Of royal souls to meet the boast.

That that blest flag should never more
Triumphant wave the Union o'er.

He donned the blue and grasped the sword
And marched where death destructive poured.

He little cared for shot or shell
Boldly he marched thro' the gates of hell.

Thro' the gates of hell he marched and then
He turned and thro' them marched again.

'Twas August, eighteen sixty-four,
The cannon boomed with deafening roar.

Dear old Virginia's soil grew red
As to their marks the bullets sped.

Near Petersburg the armies met
With one tremendous purpose set.

'Twas for the Waldon road they fought,
And fierce the contest was and hot.

Up o'er a hill a brigade dashed
Like waves to sudden frenzy lashed.

It surged with that wild rebel yell
That shook the very vault of hell.

They met the Northern battle brunt
With gallant Daily at the front.

They reel, they stagger, back they sway,
"On, on," he cries, "we'll win the day!"

More furious still the bullets flew
While dark with smoke the morning grew.

And now a tragic act occurs
That to its depths our life blood stirs.

Our hero o'er his charger bends
And from a rebel ensign rends

The "stars and bars"—a trophy bright
To valor in the cause of right.

Two galling fires he stands between
The central figure in the scene.

With flashing eye and dauntless stride
A foeman rushes to his side.

'Tis Hagood, South Carolina's son,
Who many a laurel leaf had won.

He to our hero gives a word,
Above the roar of battle heard:

"Give up the flag your breast confines
And go in safety to your lines!

No time for parley—I now demand
A yes or no—you understand!"

Our hero proudly raised his head
And to the gallant general said:

"Let me say this, sir, to your face:
If it be death or foul disgrace.

"Then give me death. Do what you may,
My honor, sir, you can not slay.

"Resistless as the tides that flow
I give you a decisive No!"

A bullet speeds with hissing sound,
Our hero topples to the ground

Bearing a gashing wound to tell
How in that bloody fight he fell.

The flag was torn from his embrace,
His honor still retained its place.

Brave comrades ran to where he lay,
And bore him tenderly away.

He did not die—he lives to see
The golden fruits of victory.

He lives who spoke the valiant No
Honored alike by friend and foe.

Lilacs

ELLEN PATTON.

THERE were tassels aswing in the cottonwood tree,
And breezes were combing the hair of the sea;
The music of robins crept into my brain,
And dandelions laughed in the face of the rain
Bronze-winged honey bees flew swift to and fro
Twixt the hive and the lilac beginning to blow.
O lilac so fair,
Come rest in my hair;
Distill all thy fragrance and faint in the air.

On wings of thy perfume past milestones of years,
We drift back to babyland moistened with tears;
But out of the smiling and crying you see,
We build splendid rainbows to arch o'er the sea;
While the lilacs in blow, ripe fruit of the snow,
The breath of the angels doth halo its glow.
O blossom so sweet,
Bend low at my feet,
I heap thee on graves where darlings do sleep.

I hear mother's voice in the long, long ago,
Her eyes they grew dimmer, her hair like the snow,
Until she went over some wonderful way,
Out of sorrow and night into gladness and day.
Dear mother loved lilacs, and violets blue
I break you to lay o'er the heart that was true;
A fresh lilac spray
For the hair that was gray,
And love for the one who has been laid away.

Sweet lilacs of spring and Phœbe's brown wing,
Much of grief and of bliss do both of you bring;
The wind on my cheek has stirred me to tears;
Thought races back over hillocks of years.
Once again let me cling to dear mother's hand,
Forgetting that she has gone into the land
    Where lilacs may blow;
    'Tis there I would go
And put on my robe that is whiter than snow.

Doubt

OLIVE RABOTEAU.

GRIM monster! Like the fell destroyer, Death,
    In that thou sparest none, and dost not pause
To ask admittance, nor explain the cause
Of thine appearance;—with a chilling breath
That heralds thine approach, dost thou draw near
Unto the bounding heart, where trust and love
Sit like two hallowed spirits from above,
With arms flung 'round each other's necks, nor fear
The world, nor time, nor aught that time can bring:
Though comest, awful Doubt, with stealthy pace!
Thou whisperest fearful words in tones that sting,
And trust and love flee, trembling, from thy face.
Then dost thou sit and watch them, crush'd, depart
And coil'st thy cold, long arms around the heart.

"The Lion of St. Mark"

FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

LO! there thou crouches like a beast of prey,
Thou winged-shape that wast in former day
The haughty emblem of Venetia's might,
When all the nations trembled at thy sight.
Thou guarded well the city of the sea,
O faithful watcher,, and when Venice free
Lost her high prestige, ceased thy vengeful roar,
And now thy fangs are harmless evermore.

Tell me, O silent lion, gazing there
With solemn visage from thy marble lair,
What hast thou seen in all thine years of pride
Since first thy home became the ocean's bride?
Can'st thou relate the famous tales of eld
When Venice all the East as subject held,
And from the quays now silent as the dead,
A thousand ships sailed 'neath that banner dread?

Say, didst thou gaze with those calm eyes of thine,
Upon the splendors of that pageant fine,
Which was the glory of medieval days,
And sung by poets in their deathless lays,
When jeweled Doges in their barge of state
Sailed out to sea, with solemn pomp and great,
To drop a ring within the Adria's breast,
A nuptial rite that waxing years had blest?

Methinks I hear thy growls of rage and hate
As Doria's galleys anchored at thy gate,
When all those broad lagoons of shining blue
Were blowed by keels of fighting vessels through.
They did not muzzle thee, despite the boast
Of Genoa's haughty chief, for from this coast
Great Carlo Zeno drove him, winning fame
Which ever since has clothed his glorious name.

And wert thou there on that great day of pride,
When gold and purple gleamed upon the tide,
And all the air was vibrant with sweet sound
Of harp and dulcimer, and all around
Were banners floating in the summer breeze,
As her bridal train swept o'er the fairy seas,
Bearing the Queen of Cyprus to her home,
Who in her early childhood here did roam?

Thy lips are mute, but in thy stony gaze
I read the story misty through the haze
Of years, of all the greatness of the past,
The pageantries and fetes that could not last.
Thou saw it all, and other scenes as well,
Of which thy ever-silent tongue might tell,
Faliero's axe, and Foscari's tears,
Tasso's mournful muse, Dandolo's sightless years.

To an Absent Friend

PERSIS E. DARROW.

MESEEMS full often all the world is sad;
Life's brighter colors rarely flush and glow;
Yet sometimes 'mid these darksome scenes I see
The likeness of a face that makes me glad,
And I am braver then because I know
That thou art somewhere in this world with me.

Wood Song

RUFUS J. CHILDRESS.

THE streets and the walls thou abhorrest,
The dust and turmoil of the pave;
Let us haste to the free-breathing forest,
From strife and the marts that enslave.
To the waterfall's ariose ditty,
To leaf-sheltered glooms of the glen,
Let us fly from the glare of the city,
From haunts and the babble of men.

For we love our great common mother,
We love the old gods of the grove,
And we love in our hearts one another,
And the forest hath altars for love.
Again as in days of our childhood,
Let us loiter where streams ripple on,
For love dwells alone in the wildwood,
And Pan and the Naiads are gone.

The aisles of the forest are haunted,
By dreams of a multitude flown;
Our hearts are still young and are wanted,
Where silences ache for a tone.
Leaf-screened in the lush dusky places,
Let us walk under boughs interlaced,
And breathe in the freshness that braces,
And odors that there go to waste.

Twin hopes in our hearts were implanted,
By touch of the same subtle hand,
And the region most charmed and enchanted
For lovers is love's leafy land.
O sweet be our theme and the story
And songs in our souls that have grown!
And sweet in the greenness and glory
To worship our idols alone!

The bloom is upon the wild cherry,
The thicket is joyous and free,
The woods now have mirth and are merry,
With songs in their laughter and glee.
For the forest, exempted from sadness,
Is full of melodious trees,
Every copse is an anthem of gladness
And jungles are green jubilees.

Yet mirth for a brief season only,
Profuse and spontaneous sojourns;
Let us haste where the gladness is lonely,
And for lovers' company yearns.
For there in the red roses palace,
We may loll on the softness of ferns,
Where earth for the sky is a chalice,
And all but love's worshiping spurns.

Our laughter and tears we may mingle,
Unseen in some innermost nook,
Unheard in the deeps of the dingle
In fastnesses close by a brook
Where waves and the dead periwinkle
Leave luminous shells on the bars,
Which emit under grass-woven cover
Faint sounds like a fairy bell's tinkle;
Or a dream on the soft ear of lover
Of the goldenest tremor that jars,
Half-filled with the wind passing over,
Which beats into fleeces that wrinkle,
Uplifting the vapor that mars,
Where visions of daffodils twinkle,
Like showers of tremulous stars.

The leaves they shall gather and hide us,
The trees will be sentinels tall;
Neither sorrow nor fear shall betide us,
Neither evil nor harm shall befall,
The hands are unseen that shall guide us,
Sharp tongue of no mortal shall chide us,

And the gods will refuse to divide us,
For love is the greatest of all.
Our lives will themselves be completer.
The birds they will sing to us sweeter,
And joy from the highlands above,
Come running on feet that are fleeter,
Beholding that we are in love.

Oh! there, to the innocent-hearted,
The fountains of blue are unsealed!
For us the high clouds shall be parted,
And truths that lie hidden revealed.
For the sky's mystic curtains are slanted,
To let in the vows of the good;
To let in the prayers that are granted,
And Te-Deums of love that are chanted
In the temples and fanes of the wood.

Dawn at Lake Maggiore

REV A. JONES.

FAINT streaks of dawn appear once more,
Yet stars shine with their wonted light;
The Pleiads, and Orion bright,
Dear memories of the past restore,
While gazing heavenward, space and time,
The deep, wide sea, the recent years,
Freighted with measures large of tears,
All vanish, in the thought sublime,

That friends, who, underneath these stars,
Have grasped me with their loving hands,
In bygone days, and far off lands,
Now greet me through my prison bars.
What though I do not see them near,
I feel within the sacred flame,
And know true love abides the same,
In every age, and every sphere.

The dawn advancing, now reveals
A lonely creature, half awake—
A gently-murmuring mountain-lake,
O'er whose fair bosom, softly steals
Aurora's beauty from above.
As guards, the mountains stand around,
Turret, and dome, with radiance crowned,
As if they blushed from conscious love.

Not Raphael, nor Angelo
Could sketch these wonders which I see!
The tints, the forms, the harmony,
Of all above, around, below.
The beauty that invests these hills,
The varied hues of tress and flowers.
The villas, half concealed in bowers,
The spray of fountains, and of rills

Would sting all human art with shame,
And with the sense of sore defeat,—
The copy small, and incomplete,
The finish coarse, the coloring tame.
God builds His Heavens immensely high,
And, with a grandeur all divine,
So tiny flowers, and crystals shine
With rays to draw a seraph's eye.

The veils, upon our senses shroud,
The forces wrapt in smallest things;
Else might the rush of insect wings,
Appall us, like the thunder loud
The man who gazed on Sinae's fire,
Yet asked to see the face of Him
Before whom dazzling suns are dim,
Knew not how bold was his desire.

This mountain-cinctured gem of glory,
Its image on my soul has set;
Nor come the words with false regret,
Farewell, farewell, dear Lake Maggiore.

The Genii of Wine

N. K. GRIGGS.

O THE rosy wine is blushing,
Like a ruby kissed with light;
O the ringing, thrilling music
Makes the dreary hours grow bright;
O the dizzy, dreamy dancing
True and loving hearts inthrall;
O the artful, luring sirens
Seem as angels, in the ball;—
Ah! the sirens and the dancing
And the music and the wine
Are the spirits of the revel,
That the foolish deem divine;
But the wanton smiles of pleasure,
Soon will vanish, chased by sneers,
And the fragile cup of gladness,
Soon be running o'er with tears.

O the blushing wine is glowing,
Like the morning's face, so fair;
O the lovely, costly mirrors
Seem as limpid as the air;
O the pleasing, princely paintings
Seem as ev'ning's sunlit smile;
O the winning, wooing billiards
Seem as saying, "pause a while;"—
Ah! the billiards and the paintings
And the mirrors and the wine
Are so charming that the careless
To their magic oft resign;
But that stately hall of splendor—
So enchanting, so sublime—
Is a reeking hot-house, only,
Filled with springing shoots of crime.

O the glowing wine is glaring,
Like the dragon eyes of hate;
O the reckless, frenzied gambler,
Is defying God and fate;

O the brainless, brutal brawler
Is inviting pain and shame;
O the worthless, sotted beggar
Is profaning manhood's name;—
Ah! the beggar and the brawler
And the gambler and the wine
Are companions worthy, only,
Those attending Pluto's shrine;
But the drunkard—witched to madness,
By some strangely potent spell—
Gropes forever in their darkness,
Sinks forever in their hell.

O the glaring wine is burning,
Like the wasting fires of woe;
O the deadly, gleaming dagger
Gives the cruel, mud'rous blow;
O the dismal, darksome dungeon
Is awakened by no prayer;
O the awful, fearful scaffold
Tells of hopeless, black despair;—
Ah! the scaffold and the dungeon
And the dagger and the wine
Are the ripened fruits of satan;—
Aye, thou demon, they are thine!—
But, poor drunkard—child of weakness—
Yours the anguish not alone.
For your kinsmen, too, must harvest
From the sorrows you have grown.

Disconsolate

GILBERT E. EBERHART.

ALL through the restless, gloomy night
I hear old ocean's sullen roar,—
I hear him roll in sobs of pain
Along the rough and rugged shore.
I hear, and weep, alas, to think,
Low down within his waves so deep
Is held from me a lovely form
The angels all have prayed to keep.

I cry, "Why roll, O heartless sea,
In heavy sobs along the shore,
As if to mock the grief I feel
For one thou never wilt restore?"
The sea replies: "Oh foolish man!
The form thou thinkest my waves enfold,
Is safe within the pearly gates,
And walk the eternal streets of gold."

I sleep, and dream, I see again,
Her smile as in the days of yore;
I clasp her dimpled hand in mine, and wake
To press her to my heart — no more.

Ol' Tobacker Patch

S. Q. LAPIUS.

I JES kind o' feel so lonesome that I don't know what to do,
When I think about them days we used to spend
A hoein' out tobacker in th' clearin'—me an' you—
An' a wishin' that the day was at an end,
For the dewdrops was a sparklin' on the beeches' tender leaves
As we started out a workin' in th' morn;
An' th' noonday sun was sendin' down a shower o' burnin' sheaves,
When we heard the welcome-soundin' dinner-horn;
An' th' shadders 'round us gathered in a sort o' ghostly batch,
'Fore we started home from workin' in that ol' tobacker patch.

With th' hoein' and the toppin' all the summer days we spent,
While the fleecy clouds was floatin' overhead;
An' we sometimes stopped to lazy, with the treetops for a tent,
An' we stretched out with the mosses for a bed.
Then we'd talk about th' city, with its glitter an' its noise,
An' we'd wonder if th' time 'ud ever be
When we'd be livin' in it an' partakin' of its joys,
An' be as rich as Crœsus—you an' me
But the fox-tail grass was growin' 'twixt th' rows as thick as thatch,
So we had to keep a hoein' in that ol' tobacker patch.

When th' sultry days was over an' th' fall had come at last,
An' th' strippin' an' th' stringin' was at hand,
When th' maple leaves was fallin' an' a rustlin' to the blast,
An' th' corn was golden-yeller in th' land;
Then we'd start th' roarin' fires in th' yawnin', mud-dobbed flues,

That peeked out 'neath th' dry-house made o' logs;
An' we'd sit there in the night-time, watch th' firelight's changin' hues,
An' listen to th' barkin' o' th' dogs.
Then you'd tell o' bears an' taggers, how they'd fight an' growl an' scratch.
Golly, how it made me shiver in that ol' tobacker patch.

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome, as I look aroun' to-day,
For I see th' change that's taken place since then.
All th' hills is brown an' faded, for th' woods is cleared away;
You an' me has changed from ragged boys to men;
You are livin' in th' city that we ust to dream about;
I am still a-dwellin' here upon th' place;
But my form is bent an' feeble, which was once so straight an' stout,
An' there's most a thousand wrinkles on my face.
You have made a mint o' money; I, perhaps, have been your match;
But we both enjoyed life better in that ol' tobacker patch.

In The Fall

ALICE R. MYLENE.

THE old autumnal stillness holds the wood,
Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream
And country sounds fall faint, half understood
And half unheeded, as to sick men seem
The voices of their friends when death is near,
And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends
The air is echoless and dull with dews;
And leaves hang loose, and whosoever wends
His way through woods is 'ware of altered hues
And alien tints; and oft with hallow sound
The chestnut husks fall rattling to the ground.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon,
When brooding winds are whispering to the leaves,
Shrill twittered half-notes fill the air, and soon
From farm-house thatch and cozy cottage eaves
The circling swallows call their eager brood
And straight fly South, by unseen summers wooed.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days—
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays
Of riper suns; old wounds, old woes depart;
Life calls a truce, and Nature seems to keep
Herself a-hush to watch the world asleep.

The Winds are Blowing

E. L. MACOMB BRISTOL.

THE South wind is blowing, blowing
Thro' the brake, and thro' the glen
The moon is peeping with silver rim;
What is the shadow, what is it then?
Out in the fields where wheat is growing,
Oh! She stands and waits for him.

The East wind is blowing, blowing
Thro' the brake, and thro' the glen
The day is dying in twilight dim;
What the echo, what is it then?
Over fields where they have been mowing,
And her tears are all for him.

The West wind is blowing, blowing
Thro' the brake, and thro' the glen
The trees are naked with vesture thin;
Why the wailing, what is it then?
The leaves are whirling, falling, going,
Hunting, seeking, calling him.

The North wind is blowing, blowing,
Thro' the brake, and thro' the glen
The earth is cold and white and grim;
What is the shadow, what is it then?
Snow is falling and a mound is showing,
She is sleeping; but what of him?

* * * * * *

The South wind is blowing, blowing
Thro' the brake, and thro' the glen
The hanging moon, like a broken rim,
Shines o'er the meadows as it did then;
The wheat is sweet and grasses growing,
Another is waiting under the stars for him.

The Brook Across the Road

EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.

NO bridge confines its tiny flood,
No wall or archway bowed
Has e'er marked out the rippling way,
Of the brook across the road.

It winds among the alder roots,
Then glides beside the hedge,
Creeps through the old and broken wall
And gains the highway's edge.

Then broadens to a modest pool
In calm and lake-like mode;
Then taking courage, starts afresh
And flows across the road.

The weary traveler, jaded horse,
The oxen with their load,
Each stop in turn to quench their thirst
From the brook across the road.

You never seek its bank in vain,
Its springs are never dry,
It's always sparkling, fresh and cool,
And always flowing by.

The world would be far brighter
If love and kindness flowed
With the freedom and the bounty,
Of the brook across the road.

The Trailing Arbutus

ANNE GARDNER HALE.

UNDER the last year's damp, dead leaves,
Through the long winter dark and cold,
Safe as the swallows beneath the eaves
Or young lambs penned in their quiet fold.

Sweet Arbutus her verdure kept,
And nursed her buds for the opening spring;
While flaunting tulips and king-cups slept,
Dreaming of grandeur the June should bring.

Softly the breezes stirred the leaves,
Gently the sunbeams kissed the buds,
And swift through the tissues that Nature weaves
A roseate flush their beauty floods.

Dingy and dull the brown leaves lie,
Bright as Aurora, with new-found life
The young May flowerets to every eye
Lift their blossoms in fragrance rife.

Under the withered hopes of years,
Oft times, thus, may the soul hold fast
The germ of a beautiful faith that cheers
The waiting world with its joy at last!

A Sabbath in the Country

W. W. RUNYAN.

YON babbling stream salutes a silent mill;
Yon dreamy clouds bestride a drowsy gale;
The dingy forge stands mute on yonder hill
Nor chides swart labor resting in the vale.

The plow in half-turned furrow halts afield;
Aslant the yoke rests by yon ancient lime;
The meads a clover scented fragrance yield,
Fit balm and incense for this hallowed time.

Yon shafts memorial glow in light serene;
Yon spires far-gleaming point the eye to Heaven;
A chastened gladness broods o'er all the scene,
And hails the dawn most consecrate of seven.

All, all is calm, save, toying with the breeze,
Yon tow'ring poplars nod in regal state.
All, all is still, save by the barn's rude frieze
The chatting martins hold a shrill debate.

The morn is peace. But hark! the pealing bells!
They thrill the breast, and charm the startled air.
Awake, my harp, and echo soft the knells
That bid my footsteps to the house of prayer.

Each belfry rays a sounding aureole—
Melodious flood, majestic yet subdued,
Aloft the surging circles mount, and roll
O'er hill and dell and dark primeval wood.

With potent charm the far resounding chime
Arrests the giddy whirl of thoughtless mirth;
And lifts the soul from transitory time
And empty joyance of the sin-cursed earth.

Rest now, ye worn and weary sons of toil,
From irksome tasks but not from grateful praise.
From throbbing temples bathe earth's dust and moil
And to God's altar wend your pilgrim ways.

Let choirs artistic link their studied strains
To organ peals in grand cathedrals heard;
Not sacred less, in Nature's leafy fanes,
The native carol of each tuneful bird.

In desert solitudes, afar and lone,
Their matin notes the warblers wake amain,
And praise our mighty Maker as their own,
Ere sluggish man can drone his slow refrain.

Our country's safeguard, and our homes' defense,
The nurse of faith, the school of sacred lore,
Great boon divine, the Sabbath doth dispense
To toilers rest and solace to the poor.

Oh, might our Sabbath pour its gracious light
On Congo's plains and India's golden isles;
From pagan shrines chase every bloody rite,
And gild the globe with Heaven's benignest smiles.

* * * * * *

Now, evening shadows lengthen in the glade,
And now they climb the mountain's stately dome.
Ah, when shall dawn that Sabbath without shade,
Whose welcome bells shall call our footsteps home?

Haste, halcyon morning of that day of peace
When toils shall end; when sorrows, tears, alarms,
And all the retinue of sin shall cease,
And Eden paint again her vanished charms.

Prophetic ages then shall roll sublime,
And joy be worship in that fair abode,
Immortal hosts shall quaff that healthful clime,
And sun themselves beneath the smile of God.

Oh dawn, high Sabbath day of Paradise!
When saints its boundless beauties shall explore,
And in its bow'rs, with rapture-lightened eyes,
Forever wander, wonder, gaze, adore.

After the Ball

GILBERT L. EBERHART.

I NOW sit alone; the guests have departed;
The viol's sweet music no longer I hear;
And slowly the laugh of the throng, merry hearted,
In shadowy cadence, dies away on my ear.

But there's one whose soft tones and eyes' tender glances,
Still echo and thrill through my soul and my heart,
As when, in the whirl of the wildering dances,
She sighed that so soon we should be sundered apart.

I see the red roses she daintily fingered,
I smell the carnations that fell at her feet,
When close by my side, in her beauty she lingered,
And whispered the words that I dare not repeat.

* * * * * * *

I wake from my dream in the keenest of anguish,
My heart is now bursting with bitter regret;
Alone hath she left me, in sorrow to languish —
I have learned, when too late, she's a heartless coquette.

Alas, that such creatures should be so unreal! —
The soul's keenest pleasures so soon fade away! —
That the purest, the best, the most perfect ideal,
Like buds that are fairest, be first to decay.

Love's Reverie

W. H. FERBER.

I'M wond'ring if my love is true,
And if she still loves me?
I long once more her face to view
Which now I cannot see.
Though far from her I must remain,
I know she loves me best;
I long to see her once again
And fold her to my breast.

How swiftly days have passed away!
Some trees their leaves have cast—
Some wear the robes of Autumn gay,
Since I beheld her last.
The golden leaves which still remain,
Seem lonely now like me,
And long to meet their mates again
Which lie beneath the tree.

The birds fly southward on their way,
They dread the winter storm,
For with their mates they love to stay,
In climates mild and warm.
Their mates will ever constant be,
Where'er they choose to roam;
Each seems to say, "I'll go with thee
And with thee make my home."

Unlike the man, the bird I know
Will never leave his mate,
But constant he, through weal and woe,
What'ere may be their fate.
He need not grieve o'er broken vows,
Or doubt his loved one's word,
But singing gaily from the boughs,
His song of love is heard.

The Modern Bacchaute

ROSALIE M. JONAS.

SHE is crowned with deep rubies—not vine leaves;
She is gowned in dull gold; her bright hair
Flows down to her feet in soft splendor—
Feet shod in French slippers—not bare!

She reclines, not on hills—where the mad vine
Climbs high to be trod by those feet;
But she lies there—white, languorous, lovely—
On satins as perfumed and sweet!

She holds the gold weight of the goblet
In clasping caress of her hand;
Her eyes glow like bright, poison berries;
Her eyes feed the flames they have fanned!

Poor Bacchus! you are but a mortal;
The red wine has made heavy your brain;
And your love—be she goddess, or devil—
With a kiss, locks your shackles again!

The Cowboy

N. K. GRIGGS.

WITH eyes that were blazing,
But now that are glazing,
In bar-room, "The Bruin"—that rattlesnake den—
A cow-boy is lying,
And silent, is dying,
Surrounded by careless, yet resolute men.

CHORUS:

So, sing of the rover,
Whose wand'rings are over,
And who without even a tremor of dread,
Lies down on the prairie,
Where nature makes merry,
And spears of the cactus are guarding his bed.

Tho' father and mother,
And even one other,
Had begged him to tarry, they pleaded in vain,
For wild as a ranger,
And mocking at danger,
He cared but to gallop, a Knight of the Plain.

Tho' zephyrs were creeping,
Or tempests were leaping,
The spur to the bronco he wantonly pressed,
And shouting and singing,
And lariat swinging,
Rode on like a spirit that never knew rest.

Wherever he wandered,
His money he squandered,
With hand of a gambler and kingliest grace.
And ever was willing,
To stake his last shilling
On turn of a penny or chance of an ace.

A hand to the weary,
A smile to the dreary,
He willingly offered to lowliest woe,
And taunt to the sneering,
And blow to the jeering,
As willingly tendered to insolent foe.

Last night at the Bruin,
He guzzled red ruin,
And tackled draw poker along with the rest,
When one began stealing
The cards they were dealing,
And Waddy objecting, was shot in the breast.

Aware that he's going,
For cold he is growing,
He calls for his saddle as rest for his head,
Then says without flinching,
That "Death is now sinching,"
And then on his blanket, the puncher lies dead.

Chorus (for last verse:)
So, sing in soft numbers,
Of him that now slumbers,
Who wantoned with fortune and scouted at care,
And sweetly is dreaming,
Tho' curlews are screaming
And coyotes howling like imps of despair.

Returned With Thanks

E. FRANK LINTABER.

"RETURNED with thanks"—summed up in this
Is all of life's humiliation,
The poet's blighted dream of bliss
The ruin of his avocation;
'Tis sad to have them come amiss,
Those children of our mind's creation
Whom fickle fortune fails to kiss
Or gladden with her approbation.

"Returned with thanks"—and yet my heart
Is throbbing with strange exultation;
Let those who ply the poet's art
Term this, my hope, infatuation;
I would not have it otherwise
Nor change with any in the nation,
For 'twas a witch with sweet blue eyes
Returned with thanks—my osculation.

Evening Rain in May

LOCHART.

GREAT drops still linger on the dark'ning pane;
Sodden the fields, with hollows rankly green;
And strenuous robins, prophesying rain,
Pipe from the trees that toward my window lean:
Hoarse rolls the swollen river, dimly seen
Mottled with frothy patches; while its breast,
Filled, like my own, with musical unrest,
Is thinly covered with a misty screen.
Crouched 'neath umbrellas go the passers-by,
In gloom lone vanishing; a wheelman flies
Swift as a shadow of approaching fate:
Low swamps are vocal with a carping cry;
The wayside pools have querulous minstrelsy;
Lambs bleat aloof;—the village clock strikes eight.

Presentiments

MARY LAMBERT

WHAT things are ye, that come at will
And bid all joyous thoughts be still?
That speed throughout the buoyant frame
The flash of thy electric flame?
Whose power checks the smile that starts,
A simoon's blast o'er fainting hearts?

Presentiments! Whence are ye sent?
But changes of the element?
Or instruments of destiny
Full freighted with true prophecy?
Dost come, dark messengers of woe,
To whisper things our soul should know?

Are ye but shadows of a touch
Or spectres of a dream too much?
Grim phantoms of a vanished word
In warning dreams but faintly heard?
Or are ye but a haunting tone,
The mournful echo of a moan?

Whence springs the sigh and starting tear?
Why thrills the soul with trembling fear?
Why sinks the heart, a leaden weight—
A moment since with joy elate?
While fun'ral clouds with crape-like pall
In deathly sadess cover all!

From out the misty realms of space
Ye come to each, in every place.
Upon the distant billow's crest—
In peace, in strife—thy strange unrest.
Pervades the unsuspecting nerve
Its subtle purposes to serve.

Ye mysteries, that come unsought,
Thy breath with sorrow, ever fraught!
Strange visitants of watchful love.
Ye must be sent from God above.
What human instinct fails to see,
Is whispered to the soul by thee!

The Wind

CLARA TEAR.

TYPE of the Eternal Spirit,
Unseen breath, thy ways unknown
Voice of God, I love thine accents
Cherish e'en thy deepest moan.

With the throng I love thy whispers
In the gentle summer breeze;
But thy noblest revelations
Come not to my heart from these.

Though beyond my understanding
Thy contempt for treasures frail,
Thou hast led to the foundations
That eternal, cannot fail.

Mine are now abiding treasures,
And though thou hast caused me pain,
Through the loss of what was "shaken"
I have found my highest gain.

Voice of love, and power, and wisdom,
Strong to spoil, but strong to save,
As an infant lulled to slumber,
Safe I rest on land and wave.

Not Y'r Tocher

AMA LAURETTA WASHBURN.

O MY lassie, dinna think ye
That for "warly warth" I sue;
Ye maun ken I didna speir ye
For y'r tocher, but for you.

I've twa acres, a bit hoosie,
Ye maun lea' the lave to me;
I'd na gie for muckle treasure,
Jist the luve-licht o' y'r ee.

A' the warl' is dark wi'oot ye;
Ghaists walk oot at hoor o' noon,
For a' the lift is lowerin', eerie,
The sun, he winna shine abune.

O my lassie, bonnie dearie,
Hark the burnie rinnin' by;
Listen to it greitin', sobbin',
Sair its murmur, like a sigh.

Greitin' like my hert wi'oot ye,
For the sun-licht ye maun bring;
A gowden tocher frae y'r ainsel,
Lichtin' oop wi' joy a' thing.

O my lassie, gin ye lo'e me,
I can bide wi' ony weal;
Heaven is near, an' life is bonnie,
Gin the tane to tither's leal.

The Voice of the Press

CHARLES D. PLATT.

'MID the city's deep roar and unceasing commotion,
Where surges the hoarse metropolitan tide,
Where beat the huge waves of humanity's ocean,
And wide rolling breakers dash high in their pride,
Where the incoming tides of great cities are flowing,
And man feels the strain of life's multiplied stress,
Where the keen winds of commerce are constantly blowing,—
Far out, o'er it all, swells the voice of the press.

When fogs gather thick around headland and island,
When low-muttered threats of a tempest are heard,
When o'er the wide plain and the far-distant highland
The hurricane sweeps till the mountains are stirred;
When deep calls to deep, when the heavens are riven,
When war clouds portend a great nation's distress,
When a thundering war-horse to battle is driven,—
O'er all peals a tocsin, the patriot press.

The voice of the press,—mid the din and the rattle
It rises above the harsh clatter of trade;
It pierces the deep-booming thunder of battle,
It mourns o'er the grave where the hero is laid;
It heralds the birth-hour of Freedom and Glory;
It welcomes the empire of Truth and of Love,
It blazons the path of that marvelous story
That rings through the ages and echoes above.

The Grave Beneath the Trees

CAMPBELL COYLE.

I LOOK through mem'ry's twilight to the home that gave me birth,
And see the smoke roll upward from the fire upon the hearth;
I see the flowers still blooming in the modest garden patch,
And my mother in the doorway with her hand upon the latch;
I see the vine still clinging to the cabin's crumbling wall,
And the beeches and the maples rising proudly o'er it all;
Yet, however much this picture of my fancy me may please,
The dearest spot on earth to me is the grave beneath the trees.

Oft while sitting in my study with a heart that's beating sore,
I watch the shadows, like strange spirits, chase each other round the floor;
And they bring to me the lesson of the restlessness of life,
Of the loneliness and trial, with the sorrow and the strife;
Of the fickleness of fortune and the feebleness of man
To penetrate the mystery of God's many-sided plan;
But I know that He who loves me of all secrets holds the keys,
And will show to me the purpose of the grave beneath the trees.

So, although there's comfort in the thoughts of other years,
My eyes are on the future, though blinded with my tears;
And I'm trying to be patient for that happy time to come,
When she and I will meet again and have another home;
And even now she's near me, for oft I hear her sing,
And hear the rustle of a garment and the flutter of a wing;
And as I sit and listen to the whisper of the breeze,
I think I hear a message from the grave beneath the trees.

What the Lilacs Heard

KATE A. BRADLEY.

THERE was never a note in the happy spring breeze
That jostled and rustled the lilacs about—
There was never a secret buzzed out by the bees
That hummed o'er the blossoms, now in and now out—
There was never the whir of a swift-winging bird,—
But the lilacs heard.

So, when two young lovers came loitering by,
And paused by the lilacs because, they both thought,
That here 'neath the flowers no ear could be nigh
To hear the soft words that her list'ning heart caught
While eagerly, deeply, of loving they quaffed,—
How the lilacs laughed!

But when the coy maid ne'er an answ'ring word said,—
Not even to tell if she loved him or no,—
But blushed and drew backward and hung down her head,
Like a flower in the wind, as the lily-bells blow,
And stood with her eyes never raised from the ground,—
Then the lilacs frowned

And swayed to and fro in the soft, scented air,
And shook all their bows till the crushed petals flew.
"Oh, fie!" they cried; "fie! Tell him yes,—'tis but fair!
Why, that is the only thing proper to do!"
But the maid heard no whisper of all that was said
By the lilacs o'erhead.

Her eyelids drooped lower, a sigh moved her breast,
And over her cheek stole a slow-dropping tear.
He kissed the pink fingers that his shyly pressed,
And bent his head close, oh so closely, to hear
As she breathed in a breath just one sweet little word,—
But the lilacs heard!

Through Winding Ways

C. A. NEIDIG.

BEATEN and bare as the broad highway—
Though not like the highway straight and bold—
Was the woodland path I found to-day,
Winding serpent-like, fold upon fold.

Whose foot first pressing the yielding grass,
Wandered so aimlessly here and there;
Making for those who follow, alas!
A tortuous way through the wildwood fair?

Perchance a butterfly's gilded wing
Beckoned a child, and he sped away;
Turning again at a blue-bell's ring;—
Hither and thither the live-long day.

Enough! Since weary and patient feet
For years have followed this wayward guide;
Now in through the shadows cool and sweet,
Now out by the noisy brooklet's side.

I learn this lesson, O wood-path gray,
And trust its truths I may ne'er forget:
Each life must follow the self-same way
Of all who have smiled and sorrowed yet.

Do we reach the heights sublime and grand,
We press the foot-prints of others here;
Are we lost in the depths of "shadow-land,"
The path is beaten; we need not fear.

Summer Reveries

MRS. L. J. H. FROST.

OUT in the rank and tangled grass
The golden buttercups glisten;
And wild bees through the sunshine pass,
Murmuring ever a thankful mass,
While the zephyrs stop to listen.

The humming bird kisses the rose's red lips.
While he steals away her sweetness;
The clover's honey the butterfly sips,
And his beak in the fountain the oriole dips,
Never thinking of summer's briefness.

There's a robin's nest in the old apple tree
That stands by the edge of the meadow;
I wonder if birds so happy and free,
Ever a moment of sorrow see,
Or, do they sing on forever?

A beautiful rosebud veiled in green,
Is trying its fragrance to smother;
Nestling low down that it need not be seen,
Timid as any young bride, I ween,
Who clings to her loving mother.

The tremulous lily is swinging her bell,
Unconsciously crying her sweetness;
While she droops her head modestly down in the dell,
Forever believing that all things are well,—
A beautiful lesson of meekness.

But here and there a shadow doth lay,
Dark and deep like a sorrow;
Saying plainly as words could say,
"Though the sun shines bright and fair to-day,
Clouds may come on the morrow."

Winter Thoughts

THOS. J. FARLEY.

THE falling snow imparts a gentle feeling
Of perfect peace to all the weary earth
Each little flake so lightly downward stealing
Or wheeling
In wildest mirth.
The rushing rhythm of the brook is still,
No sound is heard
'Till from the woods beyond the snow-hid hill,
Some lonesome bird
Sends up its plaint with mournful trill,
And then at night around the hearthstone dreaming
Of days that were, of joys that used to be,
Each age-dimmed eye with well-loved memories teeming
Or beaming
In youthful glee,
And memories, too, of sadder scenes are brought
By each bright blaze
To some decaying mind, and with the thought,
As in a maze,
The mind is lost and sleeps, the world is aught,
And when the sun advances with the morning,
'Till first beheld behind the snow-clad hill,
Why, he but adds to nature's white adorning
By dawning
More brightly still;
While echoes answer to the ceaseless tread
Of countless feet,
He barely deigns to show his haloed head,
But brightens grandly with a wond'rous skill
And touches fleet
The icy tears that night had shed.

Bereavement

L. B. HARTMAN, D. D.

WHEN tempests rage and sorrows roll,
Like Alpine torrents o'er the soul,
The spirit faint and weary;
When brighter days have set in gloom
O'er empty home and vacant room,
And all is sad and dreary;
In vain our tears unbidden start,
And sighs escape the aching heart,
With fond endeavor to relieve
The pain o'er which our natures grieve.

When those who share with us the strife,
And toils and sorrows of this life,
By Heaven's decree are taken;
When through the mortal veil the press,
And leave us in this wilderness,
Forlorn, bereav'd, forsaken;
In such a day, all comfort lies
In trusting--"God's decrees are wise,"
By faith assured, if understood,
"All things together work for good."

God sometimes hides a smiling face
In mysteries of sovereign grace,
Our souls in love refining;
Tears chase our joys, as night the day,
Life's crucibles our hearts assay,
In pain so oft repining.
Sad heart: look up, see, darkness lends
Enchantment to the bow that bends
In yonder sky—dark mist of tears
The background of life's brighter years.

We little dream such ills are sent,
In kindest love with best intent,
  Our highest good involving.
Such darkness showing star-lit skies,
And tears, that speak of stronger ties,
  Our loves to earth dissolving.
For all our griefs and heartaches here,
The brighter must our heaven appear,
When all the "*loved ones*" meet again,
And God will make our sorrows plain.

The Old Meadow Path

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

I SEE it now—a wav'ring thread of gold.
  Loose woven 'mid soft strands of emerald spray.
  Out from the shady wood it leads away
And takes its zigzag course, in freedom bold,
Across the velvet fields, there to unfold
  And lose itself in distant mists of gray;
  Along its length the lazy shadows play,
Just as they did in happy days of old;
And by its side upon the thistle's plume
  The saucy black bird swings his cooing mate,
  Or pipes at eventide his vesper lay,
Where wee star-asters breathe their faint perfume,
  As slowly upward toward the moss-grown gate
  The lowing cattle wend their homeward way.

My Lady

ROSALIE M. JONAS.

MY Lady's eyes are clear and deep
As yonder pool that lies asleep,
Bosomed on flower-scented hill!
My Lady's lips cling close, and fill
These tender days with soft delight,
And all sweet summer hours of night,
With heart-beats which praise God, that He
Hath given love—and her—to me!

The Pool

LESTER HOLLIS.

BY country road I found a pool,
Whose waters gleam'd so clear and cool,
'Neath bending trees of dusky green,
That like magicians' work, the scene
Was mirror'd in liquid depths below!
The lilies even seemed to row—
The passing cloud take fleeting shadow—
And then I thought on all the years
This pool had pictur'd smiles and tears
On nature's face, yet worldlings cry,
"The pool is naught to you or I."

In Memoriam

H. THEODORE JOHNSON.

LIKE a plume from the wing of an eagle,
Or a fringe from the mantle of night,
When the storm or the darkness is vanquished,
Thy spirit has taken its flight.

Like an arrow shot skyward at even,
Full feathered and barbed for thy mark,
Faith's vision alone may pursue thee,
But mine eyes cannot peer through the dark.

As I see thee no more return earthward,
Though I search o'er the hills and through dale,
I will turn from my quest and repining,
And to Hea'en glance a *triste vale*.

For I know the Great Archer who aimed thee,
Who hath broken the bow and the string,
Doth delight in the end of thy mission,
Doth rejoice as the prize-echoes ring.

For straight to the mark go God's arrows;
His spirits well knoweth their home;
On earth though they wander in sadness,
Their time of redemption will come.

So rest on thou earth-wearied spirit,
Above evil clouds and their gale;
The quiver of love now doth shield thee,
So I bid thee a blithsome *vale*.

I say thee not farewell in sadness,
I wish thee *bon voyage*, blest saint;
Ere long I shall greet thee, good morning!
Should I not on my pilgrimage faint.

Sad only the hour of parting,
When eternity rears a grim wall,
When the lost and beloved are severed,
'Tis a *triste vale* then to all.

When death simply serves as a curtain,
Disclosing eternity's noon,
Our farewells are simply love's symbols,
Betok'ning a reunion soon.

Love

LILLIAN PLUNKETT.

DOES Love bring peace? Aye, more, a glad rejoicing,
Happier by far than song of merry bird;
In language of its own it finds a voicing,
Sweeter than any speech the ear hath heard,
Clearer than spoken word.

Can Love endure? Aye, ceaseless as the ocean,
Firm as a rock o'er which mad billows break;
There is no limit to its deep devotion,
No sacrifice too great for one to make
For its dear, cherished sake.

Does Love change? Aye, the scented breath of summer,
Whispering low to blossoming flowers entwined,
Is not more faithless than this fair new comer;
But oh, unlike the sighing, swaying wind,
Love leaves a trace behind.

Does Love die? Aye,—then lo! at night uprisen,
A wan and vengeful spirit slips its chain
And cheats us of our rest. Forsakes its prison
To glide into our dreams, and wake the pain
We thought forever slain.

The Peter-Bird

HENRY T. STANTON.

WHEN summer's birds are bringing
Their clear, concerted singing,
Singing gladder, gladder, gladder in their glees;
When finches and the thrushes
Make vocal all the bushes,
And the lark his note of morning welcome frees;
I hear no meter sweeter
Than peter-peter-peter,
That the peter-bird is singing in my trees.

How good to lie and listen,
When brooks in summer glisten,
As they ripple, ripple, ripple to the sea;
Where faintly in the pebbles
They play their pretty trebles
In the plaintive, sad and tender minor keys;
But they can play no meter
Like peter-peter-peter,
That the peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When softly at the nooning,
I hear the clover crooning
Of its nectar, nectar, nectar and the bees;
When corn a-field is drying,
And fading blades are flying,
With the floating pennon-rustle in the breeze,
Oh, sweet it is, but sweeter
Is peter-peter-peter,
That the peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When summer's joy is over,
And bees have robbed the clover,
Leaving odor, only odor to appease;
When rich, autumnal juices,
Make music in the sluices,
As their fruity currents gurgle from the lees,
The wine tide song's not sweeter
Than peter-peter-peter,
That the peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When, after this life passes,
They lay me under grasses,
And this fretting, fretting, fretting is at ease;
Then, let there be no sighing,
No wailing for my dying,
No, nor any pomp a lower sense to please;
But let there be the meter,
Of peter-peter-peter,
From a peter-bird left singing in the trees.

Self-Abnegation in Love

LITA ANGELICA RICE.

O LOVE! I count my words for fear that they
May touch some silent cord unknown to me
Some hidden memory that yet may be
Too sad to be brought back to light of day.
Or else I hold my peace; so hard to say
In words the tender thoughts I keep for thee,
For words with thoughts can never so agree
That they the truest meaning will convey.
And when I lay my arms about thy neck,
I wish that they were armor bright and fine,—
That they might shield thee from all pain and care;
So little of my flesh and blood I reck
That were they slashed with swords I'd not repine,
If, only, life to thee be bright and fair.

"When Wouldst Thou Die?"

F. P. KOPTA.

WHEN wouldst thou die? Upon a summer day,
When balmy winds should blow about thy face,
And countless flowers bloom in every place,
While happy birds should sing the funeral lay?

Wouldst thou lie down to sleep while loving hearts
Repeated prayers for thy parting soul?
And in the distance thy church-bell should toll
A last farewell to one, who now departs?

Or wouldst thou sink to sleep upon the waves,
The waves perchance that kiss thy native shore,
And those white cliffs, that thou shalt see no more,
Till all the dead shall rise from out the graves?

Or wouldst thou die upon the battle-field?
Greeting the earth of which thou art a part,
Unconscious, even, of the deadly dart
That soon shall force thy fearless soul to yield.

There is but one way into life, but death
Comes in a thousand ways, a thousand forms,
Its voice is heard within the howling storms,
Its touch is felt in the hot fever's breath.

Years, years ago a Roman wife was told
She should be free, but that her lord must die;
The guards were at the door, they could not fly,
Nor could they bribe those hired soldiers bold.

He held her in his arms—his heart beat wild—
The dagger fell from out his weakened hand,
They heard the footsteps of the soldier band—
They kissed each other, in that moment wild.

'Tis hard to die because a tyrant wills,
When one is young, and all the world is fair;
The Roman noble found it hard to bear,
And give the blow, that would end all his ills.

He gazed upon her, and his hand was weak
To strike the death-blow to his own young life.
Though fearless he had been in battle's strife,
Before her gaze, his manly heart was weak.

She caught the dagger with a smile sublime—
And struck it to her heart, while low she said,
"It does not hurt, O loved one." And fell dead
Thus died two Romans, in the olden time.

The Old Field

LESTER HOLLIS.

ROUND about it the pine trees stand,
Throwing their shadows on yellow sand;
In "corner thickets" the sumacs grow,
Their blood-red leaves in the sunshine glow;
And over the fallen fence a vine
Trails garlands the color of amber wine.
A rabbit peeps out 'tween the rott'ning rails,
And then at our presence his courage fails;
See, like a flash, he darts out of sight.
While a flock of partridges take their flight
From the "sage" grass waving on either side
Of the narrow path. Now summer has died
And left but a "ling'ring glory" here
To make the old field still more dear;
For we know where the violets bloomed in spring,
And the spot where the birds would sweetest sing;
So November takes on the beauty of May,
As through the old field we wander to-day.

A February Sky

IDA BELLE EVANS.

WHAT! weeping still?
O sky, and will you ne'er be glad again?
So many dreary days since last you smiled;
So long that cheerless robe of sombre grey
Has hidden from my tired eyes the blue
That I so love and long to see you wear.

Why do you weep?
Is it because of him who long has been
The loving light and gladness of your life,
Whose presence was your joy, whose absence pain?
He has forsaken you for skies more fair
And you cannot but grieve for him?

Nay, do not weep—
He will return. Be glad, for in my heart
There is no joy when you are sad. You know
How day by day I watch your changing hue
And smile or weep with you; the tiniest rift
That parts the clouds before your face I see.

Yea, how I watch
To see it wide and wider part; and when
The dark'ning clouds have drifted out of sight—
When, high above, you smile in joy serene
And fleecy cloudlets on your bosom rest,
Ah then, ah then my heart is glad with you.

Oh, now you smile!
Did I not say your love would come again?
He comes, and with his same sweet kiss he chides
You for your grief and bids you weep no more.
Throw off the grey, put on your robe of blue,
And in his faithful love again rejoice!

Shelley and Keats

ROSALIE M. JONAS.

TWO poets lie dead, by the ruined walls
Of dead old Rome! Yet their song is heard;
And, over the mouldering stones, a bird—
New-born of the Spring—to his nest-mate calls.

Dead poets! Ye sing to the living soul.
Dead ruins! Ye quiet the restless heart!
Death—greatest of masters!—shall never impart
The secret of Life, while the ages roll!

Trust Thou in God

JOHN P. ROSS.

WHEN life is seeming short and drear,
When all seems dark and full of fear
Trust thou in God.

When blessed with all this world can give,
When happiest in the life you live,
Trust thou in God.

When sin is manifest in wrong,
When thou hast shared and served it long,
Trust thou in God.

When thou art seeming perfect here,
When thou hast followed Christ sincere,
Trust thou in God.

Trust thou in Christ the Lord, in God
Trust thou till lying 'neath the sod,
Trust thou in God.

Shadows

JENNIE GERALD.

RIGHT gaily they sail, those beautiful clouds,
Over a sea of ethereal blue;
Snow it may be, of her crystals so proud,
Gleefully casts a cool shadow for you.
Softly the shadows are falling for thee;
Cool shadows for you, cool shadows for me.

Shadows, dark shadows are falling for thee,
May be the shadows of Gethsemane;
If such be the shadow, my friend, cast for you,
I pray that God's sunshine may fall with it, too.
Softly the shadows are falling for thee;
Dark shadows for you, dark shadows for me.

God's shadows bring, to the earth weary, rest,
And pillow the head on dear Jesus' breast;
Faith, Hope and Love, Bible promises borrow,
And build on these an eternal to-morrow.
Softly the shadows are falling for thee;
Rest shadows for you, rest shadows for me.

God's hand may be in the shadows we see,
As He touches to brightness the joys yet to be;
Or, perchance 'tis a wing in affection He spreads—
A sweet mother-shield thrown about our heads.
Softly the shadows are falling for thee;
Wing shadows for you, wing shadows for me.

The Echo in the Heart

LEWIS W. SMITH.

IT is not the poet's song,
Bidding hopes wild fancies throng:
It is not the lute-notes clear
That we love, tho' they are dear;
It is but what they impart,
'Tis the echo in the heart.

We may never understand
All the tender, all the grand,
That the poet feels, but still,
Pulses thro' our hearts a thrill,
Something to the hard unknown
Comes to us and us alone.

Every heart has hoped in vain,
Buried deep some lingering pain,
But its memory is stirred
By some lightly spoken word,
And the sudden teardrops start
At the echo in the heart.

Vain Regrets

ESTELLE MENDELL.

THE sun was setting on a life misspent;
And as the mind o'er the past years went,
From the dying lips came the sad refrain:—
"Could I but live my life again,
Oh, then my aim should be so high,
That at its close I need not cry
In deep distress, yet all in vain,
To live the wasted years again!"

Pale Moon

JOHN FRANCIS GARVEY.

PALE Moon, thou art my joy, by sole delight!
And oft within the portal of the night,
I sit and gaze on thee most constantly,
And see such myths and shapes of fantasy,
That lend enchantment to my very heart,
Likewise a charm, from which I fain would part.
So constant true they seem that naught could shake
Them, or their golden brilliancy subdue,
Nor mar unbounded confidence in you.
They seem like courtly throng of stately queen,
All eager to pay homage, not unseen,
Who bow their heads when royalty is nigh,
And murmur words of praise to God on high;
Or like admirers of a maiden fair,
When each a look of expectancy wear;
Should see a pleasing smile on all bestow,
They would return a smile and happy go;
But should she smile on one of them alone,
'Twould grieve the others so that they'd be prone
To bear contempt and hatred for the one
Who was so luckly to be smiled upon.

By night thou art the queen of heaven and earth,
Ne'er Jupiter or Saturn is thy worth;
Though proud they are, no claims have they on thee,
For thou alone doth rule the azure sea.
The mystic light which thou doth shed upon
This silent world, though measured by the dawn,
Is none the less a boon to all mankind
Who, wrecked upon life's desert, live to find
Again the pure unbeaten path of hope,
Where harmony and blending joys have scope.

Oh! grand majestic moon, when sailing o'er
This broad expanse of God's most favored shore,
Mysterious things at once, that thou canst see
With one sly peep, and that most silently;
Naught can escape thy soothing rays so sweet,
Which doth enchant the poet's mind complete,
Where sighs for the romantic ever dwell,
And oft consoled, by some dark magic spell,
Which thou dost seem to weave with spirit hand,
Inspiring them with inspiration grand;
While thee, Oh! silent charmer of the night,
Doth calmly smile upon their pure delight.

The Navajoe Girl

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

THERE where the yellow sunlight melting lies
Upon the brown adobe's terraced stair
Tall as a goddess and methinks more fair,
She silent stands, with mellow, dreamy eyes,
Sweet opal-splues where shadows fall and rise;
A golden fillet binds her raven hair;
We catch a glimpse of nut brown ankles bare,
While from a jeweled sash red star-flame flies;
Far o'er the sandy mesa's bold expanse
To where the lone coyote his vigil keeps
Her searching eye in anxious quest she sweeps
And claims it all in one long, ling'ring glance,
Then turning with a sigh of soft regret
She puffs the white smoke of her cigarette.

To a Wife

LEONARD BROWN.

"FORSAKE thee not, no never, Jennie, meek;
Forsake thee not; I love thee more and more,"
So have I sung through years beyond a score.
The wild-rose bloom still reddens thy fair cheek;
Thou art my wealth, beyond what tongue can speak,
Beyond all measure. Millionaires are poor;
For I'd not yield thy love for all their store,
My joy with thee for all they own or seek.
Oh happy marriage! blissful, blissful state!
God is my shepherd, in green pastures led,
He gave to me—O gift most fortunate!—
Gave thee to me: and "ye are one," He said—
Bestowed on me a glorious estate—
Not lands or money, but thy love instead.

What are they worth (broad lands and stocks and gold)
Compared with happiness we, darling, find
In our plain cabin—happiness of mind.
Trusting in God, His goodness we behold,—
Behold in bread and blessings manifold,—
And to His providence we are resigned;
For e'en His harshest chastenings are kind—
Our minds into the Saviour's likeness mould;
They bind our souls together closer still
And teach ME how to prize a God-given friend.
O dearest friend! they cause us to fulfill
Our mutual duties till we reach life's end.
Prosperity does sacred friendship kill;
Adversity leads kindred souls to blend.

Who looks abroad while glow the prairies wild
With lilies and a thousand floral stars,
Sees beauty as when Paradise unbars
Her golden gates to show where undefiled
Walked Eve before the serpent-fiend beguiled
Her trustful into evil that still mars
The souls of all mankind with ugly scars

Healed only since was born the wondrous child,
And angels sang the choral hymn above,
  And shepherds listened with supreme delight—
  Thy gentle voice and blameless life, my dove,
    How beautiful, both to my ear and sight!
  More ravishing than angel's hymn, O love!
    More beautiful than prairie-lilies bright.

Now let me clasp thee in one long embrace;
  I love thee, darling, and we twain are one,
  Not for a day, but till descends the sun
To rise no more upon Creation's face.
Till pass from Earth the last of human race,
  And all the shining orbs their course have run;
  Then will our raptures have but just begun,
Our joys unbounded as the boundless space!
Through vast immensity our course we speed;
  We rise, advance, learn, know, advancing still,
Onward and upward, nothing to impede—
  Where Beatrice made Dante's heart to thrill
I drink enraptured bright, ambrosial mead—
  I drink thy love, but never drink my fill.

Woman's Brightest Jewel

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

WHAT is woman's brightest jewel?
Is it eyes of deepest blue,
Soft and gentle in expression,
Beaming with a lustrous hue?
Or dimpled cheeks, fair and rosy,
Venus-like, of purest mold,
And beauteous silken tresses,
Like the ray of sunlit gold?

Or round, full lips of cherry hue?
Her teeth of pearly whiteness;
And her long and drooping lashes
That shield her eyes of brightness?
Is it hands so fair and shapely—
So patrician and complete?
Or touching of whose ruby lips
Fills the soul with rapture sweet?

Or all her diamonds shifting light,
On her fair, and shapely hand—
Or rubies red, and pearls of white—
Jewels rare at her command?
No, 'tis her fair untarnished name,
Shining as the burning fuel,
What the water can't extinguish—
This is woman's brightest jewel.

Old Mauma

W. B. SEABROOK.

BLACK as the blackest of her race,
Ill-featured, too, and yet
Her kindly voice, her smiling face,
I never can forget.

* * * * * * * *

When dreams enchant me, and the eyes
Of memory perceive
Bright visions of the morn arise
To bless the sight at eve.

How few there are of all the old
Home pictures that appear;
But in the foreground I behold
Her figure standing there!

She loved me well — my infant heart
This gracious truth divined
Ere yet her language could impart
Such meaning to my mind.

My youthful joys she shared with me,
My youthful sorrows shared;
She spared me heart-ache constantly,
Herself she never spared.

If lulled to sleep upon her knee,
She nodded while I slept,
And when I laughed she laughed with me,
And when I wept she wept.

Beset by visionary harms,
Weary and seeking rest,
I knew no choice twixt mother's arms
And Mauma's ebon breast.

What cared I that her skin was rough
And dusky—brown of hue?
For me this truth was quite enough—
The heart was warm and true.

I grew a man, she old and gray,
And missed me from her side;
But many a day and oft, they say,
She called my name and cried.

And when she went, whose years were spent
In servitude below,
Death, from its sombre tenement,
Released a soul of snow.

* * * * * * * *

Black as the blackest of her race,
Coarse-featured, too, and yet
My second mother's kindly face
I never can forget.

Liberty Enlightening the World

ALICE S. MITCHELL.

HAIL, form majestic! towering high
Between the ocean and the sky,
Thy firm feet stand upon a rock
No storm, or wave, or tempest shock
Can move thy calm, while with one breath
Cry all men, "Liberty or death."

Behold heaven's horologe of stars
Circled with gold and crimson bars.
Its dial-face the blazing sun
Years, days and moments swiftly run
Past slavery's grave to freedom's tower,
Time's finger marking each dark hour.
Invisible in ocean deeps,
Its pendulum forever sweeps
Through light and darkness, calm and roar,
Swinging the tides from shore to shore,
As nearer drew thy hour of birth,
Two heroes knelt upon the earth
Searching with eyes almost divine
The horoscope to see thy sign.

Morn's fingers wore broad crimson bars,
Night crowned the blue with glittering stars,
God's perfect light unites the three,
And lo! the Banner of the Free.
The shout that rose is ringing yet
From Washington to Lafayette.

Thou Heaven-born child, whose God-like birth
Rended the heavens, convulsed the earth,
The blood of millions black with woe
Has washed thee whiter than the snow;
The tablets of the Law now rest
Forever safe upon thy breast.

Gazing intent thy glad eyes see
Great nations struggling to be free;
The fainting pilgrim from afar
Beholds thy forehead like a star,
To him who stands upon the prow
Hope's rainbow gleams above thy brow.
Thy torch was lighted at God's throne,
Bright seraphs winged a shining zone
Around thy soul, thou breath of good,
Proud century-flower of womanhood.

Hail, stand forever, towering high
Between the ocean and the sky,
Thy guard a banner never furled
Thou light-house of a rescued world.

Unrest

MARY LAMBART.

LIKE struggling waves, in ocean's ceaseless flow
My spirit surges with a wild unrest
That stirs a fevered tempest in my breast.
And passions, wishes, powers, onward go,
To be as quickly lost and buried low.
As rushing waves that sink each haughty crest
Within the gulf of ocean's heaving breast.
My soul is sated ere I scarcely know,
The flavor of ambition's sweet desires,
Forever yearning, peering far beyond.
Inflamed, impelled by pure consuming fires
In strange unrest, too seek affinity
With God! A self-bound serf, in sweetest bond
Attaining all within Divinity!

Miriam and I

LAURA E. NEWELL.

IN good old days when I was young,
You see 'twas long ago.
The times were very different,
From days our young folks know.
Then when I took my girl to town,
We used to "ride and tie,"
Now, bicycles and tricycles,
Go whirling swiftly by.

When Miriam and I were wed,
We took what goods we had,
And started for a home "out West,"
With hopeful hearts, and glad.
We found a farm, and made a home,
Had joys and sorrows, too,
But on the whole, enjoyed as much,
As other people do.

You see, 'twas many years ago,
Our children now are grown.
And gone to homes they made themselves,
So we are left alone.
But often as the twilight comes,
With softly fading light,
We talk of happy days gone by,
Those good old days so bright.

We're almost to the sunset land,
Are Miriam and I.
We have a good old-fashioned book,
That points to realms on high.
And when at last, our summons comes,
We pray that we may go,—
Together to the home above,
Nor separation know.

Antiphonals

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

We are alone, my soul!
I bid you sing,
Responsive to my solemn questioning!

"I hear you, Oh! fond heart,
And will reply,
Though at my answers, you should break and die!"

Where now, doth beauty bide?
"In the grave's gloom
That hides your darling to the day of doom!"

Where look, too late, for light?
"In her closed eyes
That open not until the dead arise!"

Where wait, in want, for wit?
"Beneath the mould
That dims the shimmer of her curls of gold!"

What take in trust for truth?
"Her lips! Oh! bliss!
You were the first and death the last to kiss!"

Where may I fare for faith?
"To that cold clod,
Which was her heart before she went to God!"

Where, then, is beauty, light,
Wit, truth and trust?
"Their names alone remain, all else is dust!"

"Auld Lang Syne"

M. L. CARTER.

LAST night in dreams I visited
The dear old home again,
And wandered for awhile amid
The forest and the glen.

The squirrels played among the flowers
And trees of leafy June,
The wild bird from the shady bowers
Sent forth a cheery tune.

The yard in front the cottage door
Seemed like a little pen,
But flowers as fragrant as before
Were blossoming again.

I traversed all the many fields,
The scenes of early toil,
Where each succeeding harvest yields
The products of the soil.

Oh, Woodside, all thy beauty clings
Around my memory,
Each message of thy welfare brings
Much happiness to me.

The old stone church beside the wood
I visited once more,
There in the little pulpit stood
The preacher as of yore.

His once brown locks were snowy white
His form was somewhat bent;
He preached with his accustomed light
The message that was sent.

Brothers and sisters, all around,
With love and friendship greet,
But some familar forms I found
Were missing from their seat.

Around the yard my way I wend,
Mid graves with flowers dressed;
Where many dear departed friends
Are laid away to rest.

One Morning in the Garden

ISIDORUS

IN May, one morning, in early hours,
I sat in garden 'mid rustling trees,
Beheld around me the fragrant flowers
So gently fanned by the western breeze;
My thoughts so quickly and lightly flew
Around about like the winds that blew.

I thought: Ye roses that now are calling
My whole attention; how sad ye'll be
The day when weathered you will be falling,
And May-day's glory no more I'll see;
When autumn's north wind, so cold and gray,
Your fancy leaves will have blown away.

* *

O hope's, fair roses, that once were blooming
With fragrance sweet in my throbbing breast,
I long to see you again returning
To life, and soon give my heart sweet rest.
Come back to me and forever stay!
Bid all my sorrows pass far away!

Autumnal

T. PARK BUCHER.

"A SUMMER sun, an autumn sway,
The gentle rain went on to say,
"Are almoners of highest good
"To all the trees of yonder wood."

Another sun, the harvest moon,
The reapers scan at early noon,
And when at lunch beneath the shade
Predict a vintage rich in grade.

Meanwhile the birds in soulful song
Their farewell cadences prolong,
In sight of fields supremely blest,
And vicinage of next year's nest.

So do the fields their quivering palms
Uplift to heaven in tuneful psalms;
Though soft their voices as of yore,
Sweet incense yield at every pore.

The orchard set in stately rows
To catch the sun, the rain, the blows;
Its boughs are abler thus to bear
The gifts entrusted to their care;

Nor long await Pomona's tread,
To drop a welcome on her head:
The goddess brings from Jove's decree,
Concerning each fruit-bearing tree.

"Prosperity and grace! to go
Through all your veins in constant flow,
Till apple, peach and pear can say,
"I'm perfect as the autumn day!"

And now, while I your gifts recall,
With autumn's breath I bless you all;
May none of you e'er condescend
To strew the ground for worms to rend!

Next comes Vertumnus, lord of all,
Who comes to make a selfish call;
To gather where he has not sown,
To husband what he has not grown;

Or tardy own the care and fear
The farmer gave throughout the year,
That he, his recompense may claim,
And pick the fruit of every name.

'Tis no vain show, the gods declare,
These bounteous gifts the earth may share;
The zephyrs share their rich perfume;
The golden sun their mild illume;

The feathered tribes are free to try
The nectar near the core may lie;
And mortals with their tastes acute
May covet each delicious fruit.

Beyond these plainer uses rise
The features clever artists prize,
When they would fascinate and preach
On canvass, where they fail in speech.

And maiden fair, when she espies
The fruit, quick gathers with her eyes;
Then counts the blushes on each cheek,
Rekissing some choice ones that reek

With sweets; and baskets them in haste.
In finest satin first encased,
And bears them hence with swift delight
To win a lover throught his sight.

If rose, and pink, and eglantine
Have their apt language and design;
Such timely gifts as mine shall say:
"I'm willing to be wed some day."

* * * * * *

Still here you are, inviting fruit!
And while I linger thoughts take root
And purpose grows: If I? I guess
Your blushes symbolize her "yes!"

The Pronoun "I"

J. BUCHANAN SIDERS.

O FOR a man built on a plan,
Be he from Beersheba — even from Dan,
Who does not try, or even vie,
To excel in the use of the pronoun "I."

A man not proud, whose tones so loud,
Don't cover you up in a wordy cloud,
Who'll let you reply without a sigh,
When he fails to get in his pronoun "I."

A man who 's meek, without a cheek
As hard as the stone on Freemont's peak,
A man in speech who is somewhat shy
When it comes to using the pronoun "I."

Engraven

E. L. MACOMB BRISTOL.

ON the clean white sand I traced a name
And watched the waves as they washed it out,
And tho't in life it was just the same--
That you lived and died with sands washed white.
I cut a name in a white birch tree,
'Twas youth's wild folly that made me do,
But heart and sense will both agree
That bark will cover the cut anew.

I cut with love a name in my heart,
Patiently traced the letters there,
But the tide of passion formed a part,
An inevitable ending in despair.
I cut a name in a marble stone
And the ivy crept and covered a grave;
The wind thro' the trees but echo a moan,
The best is lost in trying to save.

New England

C. H. PRATT.

I LOVE it, though it has been long,
Since mid its mountains green,
I stood with childhood's happy throng
By Merrimac's pure sheen,
Its pearly lakes and rivers bright,
All brightly beam to-day,
As when I wandered in delight
By Massachusetts Bay.

Where "Montezuma's halls" appear,
And orange bloom is ripe,
I heard the clang of battle's year,
On bloody fields of strife.
Nature was lovely as a bride,
In cupid's garments drest;
And in that land, the Aztec's pride
Is beauty ever blest.

Yet memory, reverting back,
Behold the "Plymouth Rock,"
To which o'er ocean's foamy track
The Puritans did flock.
Connecticut and Champlain's wave,
Like melody's refrain,
To me their invitation gave,
"Come home, come home again."

Land of my childhood! Long indeed,
Has been my stay from thee,
But yet my fancy thou dost feed
If other lands I see.
If I no more thy scenes behold,
Of loveliness so pure,
May I abide in Jesus' fold,
To Heaven's life secure.

An Eyrie in the Yellowstone

SARAH C. MARINE.

THE lordliest castle I have known
Stands midway of the Yellowstone;
Uplift a thousand feet and lone,
Upon a finger wrought of stone;
With terraced flights,
And skyward lights,
And port-holes right and port-holes left
And legends carved in crest and cleft;
And pennons blown,
And drawbridge spanned.

Around, with flaming banners swung,
The painted canons heights and deeps;
Below, the cascade's crystal sweeps,
The waterfall that madly leaps;
The solemn pines
In serried lines;
Above, the mountain's hoary head,
Where moves the sun with stately tread;
And clouds are hung,
On snowy steeps.

There, perched upon the topmost tip
The great bald eagle rears her young;
Three eaglets schooled to clarion lung,
To prune for flights unkenned, unsung;
The mountain's hem
Is over them;
Their first keen glance the awful place
Where wonder walks with veiled face;
And lightnings dip
Their brazen tongues.

Up, from your nests, ye eaglets three!
And flaps your wings and scream and cry!
The parent birds go soaring by,
And bid you boldly fledge and fly;
    The waters lash
    The thunders crash,
They lure you to the dizzy chase,
On hoary height, in desert place;
    Where wings are free
    To mount the sky.

Bird of the canon and the cleft,
Now, like thee, is yon mountaineer!
With cottage on the far frontier!
Set on some summit dread and drear,
    He bids his young
    To heights unsung;
Till, like the eaglets, lo, they go
To piercing pinnacles of snow;
    There echoing eft:
  " Freedom dwells here!"

Blight-Bloom

ISADORE G. JEFFREY.

LIFE hath its barren years:—
When blossoms fall untimely down;
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil; when nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days.
The golden promise of a morn
That seemed for light and gladness born
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,
Toward sunlit hopes that soon may set
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous reaping, bread and pure rich wine;
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

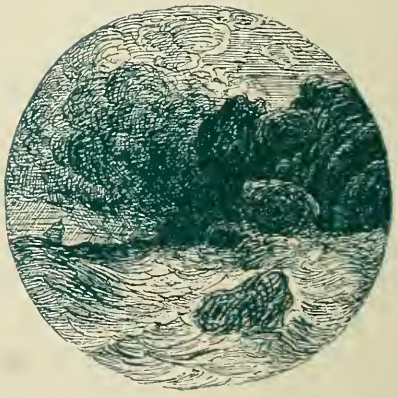
Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth in rare
Grand speech, by joy distilled.

Life hath its Tabor heights;
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth munition
Of love and truth, and clearer intuition.
Hail mount of all delights!

Welcome Autumn

BERT WILSON HUFFMAN.

WAFT me a breath, O ye winds of autumn,
Cool, fresh breath from the northland hills,
Bring me the frost that turns the leaf yellow
And scatters it down by the wandering rills.
Ripen the corn, O ye listless breezes,
Touch the apples with golden hue;
Bring the rain-clouds up from the ocean
And scatter them over the spotless blue.
Come with the rain, for summer is over,
Come, for the old Earth's breast is dry;
Sprinkle the glad drops down through the clover;
Waken the children of storm in the sky.
We are weary of sunshine, heat and roses,
Weary of sleepless nights and days—
Give us a breath that is fresh and merry;
Give us autumn with clouds and haze.
Swing, O Time, on your endless races,
Speed the day of the ripened corn!
Speed the day when the wind's wild chases
Shriek in the woods like the battle horn!
Scatter the gold leaf down in the valleys,
Lay it softly on corn and grain;
Toss the willows where birds are gathered,
Piping in chorus their farewell strain.
Scatter the leaves of the broad-faced poppy,
Drive from the garden her breath of sleep,
Toss to the winds what is left of August
And come with autumn and clouds that weep—
Come with the russet and come with gold leaf,
Mantle the hills in a coat of brown—
Come with a host that will conquer summer,
And tumble her palace of blossoms down.



A Prayer

ALICE D. PORTER.

FRIENDLESS and lonely, oh, Father, I roam
In sorrow and tears, so far, far from home;
Send, in thy mercy, O Father, a ray
Of divine love, to shed light on my way!

Unloved, my lot among strangers is cast;
I long for those whom I loved in the past.
Oh, God! I come, in my sorrow, to thee,
And pray that, in love, thou'lt hearken to me!

Let me not question thy love, oh, my God.
I know I must tread the path others have trod,
But, in the darkness, I pray thee to lend
Thy hand to guide me, and confidence send.

Love's Coming

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.

BLOW, blow, whisper low,
Song of the summer sea!
As thy lapping, wavelets flow,
Cometh, my love, to me.
Gently it speaks in the zephyr's breath,
Softly its tender murmur saith,
Love! I am thine, for life or death;
Thine to eternity.

Boom, boom, through the gloom,
Wind of the winter sea!
As thy mounting billows loom,
Cometh, my love, to me.
Wildly it sweeps in the whirlwind's voice,
Loudly its thunder-tones rejoice,
Love! thou art mine — my only choice;
Mine to eternity.

The Chink of the Pay

THOMAS BOUNDY.

O HOW merry are we when the cold, sighing blast,
And the dark, doleful hours of the night are all past,
And the welcome approach of the morn
Summons each from his home to the factory's din,
Where the clang and the toil of the day we begin
In response to the call of the horn.

CHORUS— So hammer and smite
From morning till night,
With a ceaseless roundelay
'Tis a cheering song,
The whole day long,
But the charm is the chink of the pay.

Yes, we'll hammer and smite till the columns all ring,
Till the walls of the factory echo and sing,
And the roar of the engine be drowned;
It will soften the fetters of toil to be gay,
It will silver the cloud of the gloomiest day,
In a bright merry mood to be found.
So hammer and smite, etc.

There's a charm that we love in the rattle and noise,
For they stir up the depths of our indwelling joys
As they tell of a happier day;
As they tell of an income exempted from tax,
And of brightness and gladness that come in the tracks
Of the thrice welcome chink of the pay.
So hammer and smite, etc.

Where, O where in the wide world was e'er found the wight
Who from daybreak to gloaming would hammer and smite
If he'd never a glimpse of a pay?
'Tis the silver allures us our labor to sell;
So we'll toil with a will, and be merry as well,
And be prompt on the reckoning day
So hammer and smite, etc.

The Death of Summer

CHARLES WESLEY KYLE.

HEARD ye that sigh
Go by?
It seemed to travel toward the sky;
Methought it said:
Lo, she is dead;
The power of Summer's life has fled;
Dimmed is the luster of her eye.

Her lovely days
And ways
Die mid yonder sunset haze;
Unto the sight,
Her tender light,
Fading in folds of Autumn night,
A peaceful beauty rare displays.

The East was bright
With light,
And in the West retreating night;
To me they said:
Weep for the dead,
The Autumn with the earth is wed,
Look and behold, we speak aright.

And it was true,
There blew
More chilling winds than summer knew;
To her their breath
Was instant death;
To me their mournful voices saith:
Her spirit fades with yonder blue.

The roses sigh
And die;
Their leaves all torn and withered lie
Upon the ground;
A solemn sound
Fills all the airy space around;
A sobbing, wierd, heart-touching cry.

The lilies pray
To-day:
Oh, let us here no longer stay;
With Summer's sun
Our work is done,
Our race of life is fully run,
Oh, bear us to our tomb away.

The woodland choir
Retire;
To sing no more is their desire;
No cheery note
From feathered throat
Upon the balmy air will float,
Till Summer's smile shall it inspire.

Some morn divine,
With mine,
I trust her spirit may entwine
And live for aye,
Where lustrous day
Shall chase all thoughts of gloom away,
Where comes of death no warning sigh.

Now I Lay Me

RUTH WARD KAHN.

NEAR the camp-fire's flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
Up to twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep
As I breathe my childhood's prayer
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whip-poor-will
In the boughs of yonder tree,
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near,
In the canon dark and deep;
Low I breathe that none may hear,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see,
One the angels bore away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In this lonely mountain brake—
Take me to her, Father, dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries,
Over me they seem to cry:
"You may never more awake."
Low I lisp: "If I should die,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Memories

EVABELLE SIMMONS.

WE roamed amid the daisies fair
At sunset hour. The balmy air
Made merry with her golden hair—
A lassie blithe and debonair.
Nor think it strange, while roaming there,
(I long had loved this maiden fair)
That I should then my love declare.
Methought the angels longed to share
Our happiness, as we did swear,
With love so sweet, so pure, so rare,
To share each other's weight of care,
And all our mutual burdens bear.
Though, gazing on her form so fair,
I thought her presence anywhere
A heaven, and madly deemed that care
A rapturous bliss, which she should share.

* * * * * *

Alone I tread the daisies fair,
But now the badge of mourning wear.
My blue-eyed lass, with golden hair,
Lies sleeping 'neath the flowers there,
And earth seems cheerless everywhere.
I sometimes feel I cannot tear
Myself away, but must repair,
At sunset hour, as if in prayer,
To meet her blessed spirit there.

* * * * * *

O Father, in my dire despair,
Help me this heavy cross to bear.
Thou knowest best. We should not dare
Expect below Heaven's joys to share.
Were earth a heaven, we would not care
To seek a "better country" there.
Yet this shall be my latest prayer,
That angels may my spirit bear
To Thee, to her, with her to share
The home that knows no parting there.

The Erlking and the Flowers

JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

THE Erlking softly lingers, in every autumn breeze
As he steals with noiseless footsteps among the lofty trees;
And every time he whispers, a darling flower is dead.
What does the Erlking tell them? What has he softly said?

I saw a blushing rosebud turn pale, then droop and die.
But I could not hear the message as the wind went whistling by,
And hurried Erlking onward, till he kissed each crimsoned gem.
Ah! then the shrine was leafless, with withered bough and stem.

He danced on every zephyr, where the rank and waving grass
Smiled in its emerald radiance, at the joyous barefoot lass
That plucked the tinted starlings, dots on the green hued sea,
With ever a heart so guileless, and a brown and shapely knee.

He murmured to the freshness, that was born of early spring,
And the voice of this autumn reaper had a cold, metallic ring,
The flowers ne'er told the secret, as they smiled and gently died;
While the maiden gazed in wonder on the king and his dying bride.

He promised the maid so sweetly that the flowers he put to sleep
Should bloom from their purple couches, with many a clamber creep,
From the beds so snugly hidden by robes of the downiest snow,
To smile in their dewy sweetness whenever the spring should blow.

How can the roses blossom, except they droop and die?
Or the mantle of gentle autumn, around the rosebush lie?
The Erlking only asked them to turn to a russet brown;
Then the winds caressed them gently and the leaves came fluttering down.

The sigh of many an autumn has reached the maiden's ear;
The woes of an early sorrow had been washed by many a tear;
The frosts of a dreary winter had mellowed the laughing smile,
For she knew what the Erlking whispered, from his grim and shadowy isle.

He kissed the rosy maiden, and toyed with her golden hair,
And ever a kiss was a wrinkle, and ever a whisper a care;
The rosebud that smiled in the meadow, that romped in the clover so sweet,
Was withered and dead in his castle, with the petals strewn under his feet.

To a Water Lily

F. E. M'FADDEN.

FAIR lily, o'er thy watery bed,
All nature smiled when thou wert born,
So lovingly thou rear'dst thy head
To greet the morn.

Thy gentle form of spotless white,
In soft unrest, like a twinkling star
Dropt from the dome of heaven at night,
Is pure as angels are.

The pearly dew-drops chooseth well,
Thy spotless chalice for its bower;
Close to thy heart, in mystic spell,
To spend its hour.

Pale guardian of the lowlier flowers,
Thou art lovelier, blooming here, by far,
Than in their richest, rarest bowers
Thy gaudy sisters are.

Sweet lily, thou shalt wither here,
In this foul spot with odor's rife,
That humbler flowers about thy bier,
May drink thy life.

Thy bloom upon the shores of time
Will soon bedeck the halls above,
Where angels chaplets grace the shrine
Of perfect love.

Nature's Theater

S. H. DALEY.

BROAD and spacious is the building,
From the scene none are excluded.
Silence! Lo! with rosy fingers,
Morn throws back the glowing portals,
Enters Light in radiant costume.
See her speed on wings of lightning!
Up, up, to the roof of heaven!
To the highest roof of heaven!
Putting out the constellations!
Putting out the lamps of Darkness!
Now the Darkness, gloomy-handed,
Lifts aloof her ebon curtains,
All her gloomy ebon curtains.
Light commands, and Night in horror
Flees away and takes her refuge
In the Occidental cavern.
Then the Light with pearly fingers
Decorates this glorious mansion,
Decorates with cunning fingers,
As when Winter hangs her jewels
On the waving boughs of woodland,
By the banks of rolling rivers,
On the summits of the mountains,
Glittering like the gems of ocean,
Thus the world is decorated.
Now Apollo in his splendor,
Slowly comes forth from his chamber,
Comes forth from his central chamber,
And rejoices as a strong man,
In a mighty race contending.

See! he comes! In hand he bears
A bow of silver. On his shoulder
Quivers bound in perfect order.
Now he sends in wild confusion,
In more ways than are directions,
Glittering shafts; sparkling, flashing,
Driving out from marsh and lowland
All disease that walk in darkness,
Softly blending in his splendor,
All creation's glowing grandeur.

To Byron's Dying Gladiator

A. L. MONROE.

THE sculptor, with his magic wand of steel,
And eye of genius, ever true and bright,
Compels our admiration at the sight
Of his supreme and matchless work of skill,
And gives to every gazer there a sad delight.
His miracle of art, for centuries long,
When lo! there comes a greater master still,
Who, with his plastic powers of pen and ink,
Conceives, and renders in immortal song
A new, and bright and everlasting link,
Which makes that writhing marble image think,
And speak of wife and children far away,
While there in dying agonies he lay.

A Song of Thanksgiving

T. BERRY SMITH.

THE white moon peeps thro' my window blind
As I'm sitting alone to night,
Thinking of years I've have left behind
And the days that have taken flight;
My heart is full of a nameless thrill
That my life has been so sweet,
And I fain would hurry to Zion's hill,
And bow at the Giver's feet.

The year just going has brought me boon
As rich as the years gone by:
The skies were clear at the harvest moon
When the golden crops were dry;
The grain was garnered abundantly then
For the wintry days ahead,
And I thank the Giver of good to men
For supplies of daily bread.

No fell disease with ghastly shrouds
Has come in grim disguise;
No war has spread its baleful clouds
Athwart my azure skies;
But the dove of peace — the white-winged dove —
Has built in my own roof tree,
And the breezes have floated the banner of love
O'er all my land and sea.

So now I sing as best I can
My glad thanksgiving song
To Him who holds me by the hand
And leads me safely along;
I am not worthy His smallest gift,
Yet He gives me large and free,
Therefore my song of praise I lift
For His goodness unto me.

The Mad Minstrel

Lines to Edwin P. Taylor, M. D., Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, Mendota, Wis., upon offering for his acceptance, a volume of poems by

MARIA A. AUGUR.

'TIS Christmas; but I cannot see the boy
Who brought me sunshine in those other years;
Whose very prattle was a harp of joy—
Whose tender hand oft stayed the falling tears.

I often wonder—does he think of one
Who hoards the beauty of his infant days
More closely than the miser guards his own—
The miser who upon his own need preys?

Are there no chords set in his inmost heart,
That quiver at the touch of Memory's hand?
No sympathetic notes that pulse and start
Beneath the subtle touches of her wand?

Does he remember how I used to swing
His pretty form, while high above my head
He seemed some happy songster, fluttering,
As for "one push—one more!" he shouting plead?

Have early cares and other loves effaced
Those glowing pictures of his infant life?
Tarnished their frame-work with sweet love-buds graced—
Dimmed the fair blossoms with affection rife?

His name, 'tis like—yes very like—thine own!
I look on thee and feel his years my loss!
But Time can never rob me of the loan
Of those bright golden hours—corroding dross

May throw its envious veil across their glow;
But when the Great Refiner's work is done,
His crucible passed thro' by all below,
O then the sparkling gold will be mine own!

Time in swift flight hath brought old age to me;
To him, the beauty of young manhood's years!
But looking backward I can clearly see
My Baby Love—all dimples, smiles and tears!

The poverty of bitterness our lives divide!
Then be this poverty my only plea,
That for his sake my love may on thee bide—
May offer for his sake, this book, to thee.

On the Sea

A. L. CAMPBELL.

O BIRDS, with your white wings spread,
On the crest of the waves of the sea
Could I but follow you as you fly
Or you bear a message for me—
As love birds did of old
To the sweethearts of nobles brave.
Waking a hope in the heart of her
Which I fear is in its grave!
Could you tell her, O birds on the wing,
To trust and hope and pray
For God's hand is leading me home
In His own mysterious way.

Pools in the Sand

MARGARET MAY.

I STOOD beside the sea one day,
The tide was low;
With quiet flow
It scarcely lapped the ocean's rim
Whose waving line, now clear, now dim,
Revealed the shelving, sandy beach,
Where oft the waves
To watery graves
In quick succession swiftly bore
Each other as they climbed the shore.
The little hollows in the sand
Like silvery nests
Where sunshine rests,
Just for the time appeared to me
As lasting as the shore to be;
But later, when the tide had turned,
I found no trace
In any place
Of all the basins, which had seemed
So lasting as they gleamed
Beneath the glowing summer sun.
Why had they fled
Like bright hopes dead?
Because the ocean in its sweep
Had gathered all in one great deep.

Here in the pools upon the sand,
I seem to find
Within my mind
A type of Churches, Sects, and Creeds,
Established for the great world's needs;

Just for awhile they will remain,
Each with its plan
For blessing man,
Till God's great love, like ocean-tide,
In one shall all divisions hide,
Then, folded on our Father's breast,
Like tired child
That wept and smiled,
At last, we all shall come to be
One Church, in its divinity.

Mating Time

ESTELLE MENDELL.

"'TIS mating time," sang Robin Red,
To his lady love on bough o'er head—
" Will you be mine?" in tones most sweet,
When coy the answer came—" Tweet-tweet,"—
And a trysted pair, away they flew,
To make a home all nice and new.

"'Tis mating time," said Tom to Kate,
Lingering bashful o'er the gate—
" And like the birds, a home let's make,
All nice and new for love's dear sake,"—
" Yes, Tom," the tempting lips replied,
Mid blushes sweet and a look of pride,
And ere the close of leafy May,
A cot went up across the way.

Mother's Doughnuts

MRS BARBARA R. GAWER.

YOU can talk of your dumplin's
Your puddin's or your pie,
But jess give me the do'nuts
That mother useter fry;
Yes, those great big crooked ones
Made like a figger eight,
Seems like they could mostly claim
To be about first rate.

They's flaky an' they's tender,
They's golden brown an' sweet,
There's nothin' could be better
We ever had to eat
Than jess those great big do'nuts
Made like a figger eight,
When we were awful hungry
Heaped upon a plate.

When at night we come from school
An' not yit supper time,
When we saw 'em in the pan
O! wasn't they jess prime,
A cookin' an' sizzin' there
An' risin' up so high,
Then roll'd in home-made sugar
Like mother useter fry?

Sittin' here in the gloamin'
  Fancy weavin' her spell,
I wonder if those do'nuts
  Would tas' to me as well,
Or have they lost their flavor
  Like many other things
Or have I lost the relish
  Which faded mem'ry brings?

An' will nothin' tas' again
  Like mother useter cook?
Nothin' look to us no more
  Like what it useter look,
Are the changes all in us,
  Is that the reason why
There's no do'nuts now a-days
  Like mother useter fry?

Spring Morn Voices

JACOB B. DOCKENDORFF.

THERE'S a mildness and a sweetness in the dawning of the morn,
As the rosy tints of twilight stealing nigh—
Telling lower than a whisper that another day is born—
Flee the shadows and the darkness from the sky;
Loud the lusty cock is crowing,
Bright the horizon is glowing
And a roseate blush is flowing over all;
The squirrels all are chattering,
Industriously pattering,
And seemingly all flattering each other on the wall.

There's a softness and a freshness in the breezes of the morn,
As the balmy air comes laden from the bowers,
Wafting on delicious fragrance from the leaflets newly born
And the aromatic haunts of springing flowers;
Busy bees are outward hasting,
There's no time for reckless wasting,
Ev'ry bud and blossom tasting in their flight;
All buzzing unpretentiously,
And toiling conscientiously,
And highly advantageously from early morn till night.

There's a joyousness and gladness in the meadows of the morn,
As the dew-drop sparkles gayly in the sun,
Borne aloft each shining crystal from the verdure they adorn,
Up to heaven, to return when day is done;

Snowy lambs in transport joyous,
Treasures that will ne'er annoy us,
In their artlessness decoy us to their play;
Now frolicing and gamboling
Or innocently rambling,
And o'er the mothers scrambling they pass the time away.

There's a wildness and a richness in the forests of the morn,
As we listen to the rustle of the leaves
Making music with the songsters that on airy wings are borne
Homeward laden with the relics of the sheaves;
Ev'ry warbler is screaming
And the rising sun is gleaming,
Nature ev'rywhere is seemingly so gay;
While thankfully and cheerfully
Each toiler rises carefully
To enter into prayerfully the labors of the day.

Morning

S. T. CLARK, M. D.

HAIL new-born day! Lo! the expectant East
Glows with a golden glory as we gaze!
The waking world bows low at heaven's font
And waits a new babtism of the light;
While sinless choristers, in chorus sweet,
Chant praises from their emerald curtained choirs!
The tardy moon seems loitering for the sun;
She points her silver finger to the South
As if she would away, yet lingers still,
And watches, poised on yonder purple cloud,
To see, if any open eye above
Observes her dalliance with her royal love!

And now he comes—the father of the days—
(That hand in hand like rosy maidens troop,
In whirling dances through the halls of time.)
He comes, with crimson sails and sapphire prow,
With pennons—molten amethyst and gold,
To plow the azure ocean of the air!
The virgin queen grows pale at his approach;
Half veils her face; slips from the cloudy bank
And hides a marble gleam of loveliness
Beneath the waves of the ethereal blue;
There waits the glances of his burning love,
Whose light alone has given her power to shine,

Apostrophe to June

MRS. L. J. H. FROST.

O JUNE! Thy breezes seem bliss laden, like
The breath of angels. Thy flower embroidered
Robes are dripping wet with fragrance. And thy
Smile is like the beam that gilds some mouldering
Tower with golden light at evening.

O June!
Thy presence is a prophecy of good
To come, a promise of the gifts our kind
And loving Father hath in store for us;
A whisper of fair skies and music sweet
That all day long shall haunt the mossy woods
Where berries red and rich lurk cunningly
Beneath green leaves.

O June! Why is thy stay
So brief? Doth no one bid the welcome? Dost
Thou tire of wasting thy rare melody
On souls attuned to grief? When thou art gone
Why should I linger? Could I bear to see
Thy roses dead, crushed buds and withered sweets.

Should I not sadly miss thy gifts of love
And pine for thy companionship? Ah, yes;
And ever and forever would my soul
Be longing after thee and restful sleep
Far better would it be, could we but be
Exhaled together, while some loving friend
Looked on and said, "Requiescat in pace."

Looking Outward

T. PARK BUCHER.

AS the stars fade into distance
When the jocund day appears,
Then are all ablaze at vespers
In the temple of the spheres;
So the mind in looking outward
Through the twilight and the gloom,
Marks the fast retreating shadows
Masquerading into doom,
And anon the shining figures
Emanating from the tomb.

See the sun arise effulgent
Over forest, field and fane,
Supplementing fair Aurora's
With his own transcendent reign;
So the mind has aspirations
For a realm of lofty thought,
From the boundless plane of knowledge
With its strong incentives fraught,
To the heights where wisdom lingers,
Where sublimest truths are sought.

Like the spring warms into summer,
Bursting bud to flowering plume,
And the hardy orchard blossom
Bears an apple in its womb;

So the mind expands and strengthens,
  Seeing with its practised eye
How to weave the web of fancy
  And the filament supply,
How to voice its ripe perceptions
  That the wrath of time defy.

While the fog o'er hangs the ocean,
  Ships bewildered ride the foam,
When it lifts they find their bearings
  And the breezes speed them home;
So from mists of doubtful seeming
  Mind will languish to be free,
Only as its insight clears up
  Can its outlook 'cross the sea
Fill the soul with inspiration
  To attain its destiny.

Marc Antony's Death

EUGENE A. DAVIS.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Look! the old Nile seems to know,
For its friendly waters slacken
In their never-ceasing flow.

The big sun blazes whitely,
The palms are drooped and sere—
But you, fair Cleopatra,
Must never shed one tear.

Cleo! Cleo! Egypt!
I say you should not weep,
Nor Charmian, nor pale Iras,
But on my life-deeds keep.

Sing of my glorious actions;
Sing in your wildest measure,
Sing of the ill-fed Cassius,
Sing for it is my pleasure;

Sing to me, too, of Brutus,
Of the envious Casca's fate;
On my head put my great steel helmet,
To my side gird my sword of State.

And chant to me then of Cæsar
Whose spirit with Jove rules above,
Of noble, superb Enobarbus—
But, sing to me last of your love.

Enobarbus and poor slain Cæsar
Waiting there, wave me to go,
Their red-stained shrouds glisten ghost-like,
I must leave you, ah, rare Cleo!

To your breast, oh, my Cleopatra!
Once more then clasp me near—
I am dying, Egypt, dying,
But your love is very dear.

The Sweet Wild Rose

W. H. H. HINDS.

O THE sweet wild rose, wherever it grows—
On mountain desert or farm,
Has a blossom so fair and a fragrance so rare,
It lends to the place a charm.

No other wild flower in hedge or in bower,
No matter where'er it grows,
Can with it compare, nor equally share
Our love for the sweet wild rose.

It blossoms and blooms round the graves and tombs
Of friends who have gone before;
And we seemingly think 'tis with Heaven a link,
And the loved on the other shore.

Its fragrance so rare oft burdens the air
Of the desert's barren plain,
And it visits the cot of the lowly in lot,
To ease their sickness and pain.

It brightens the eye and softens the sigh
Of the felon in his cell,
As it fills the air with its perfume where
Deep sorrow and sadness dwells.

O the sweet wild rose, when these eyes shall close
On this beautiful world so fair,
May it blossom and wave o'er our humble grave,
And its fragrance fill the air.

A Song of the Unattained

ROBERT REXDALE.

THAT day of days, long, long ago,
Its memory gilds the years,
When o'er two lives Love's golden light
Shone through the mists of tears.
The minstrel sang, "Fame's gift is mine,
Forever and for aye!"
Youth's blissful dreams o'erbrimmed the heart
And bade its wild unrest depart;
That far-off summer day,
Ere life was old and gray.

That day of days, long, long ago,
How bright its glories gleam;
Though heart hath drifted far from heart,
Like leaves upon the stream!
The heather blooms as gay again,
The lark sings just as clear;
But ah! the dream of youth is flown,
The minstrel sleeps unloved, unknown,
No homage greets his ear,
Nor garlands deck his bier.

Brother, Faint Not

JACOB B. DOCKENDORFF.

BROTHER, faint not; look not upon thy sorrow
As though 'twere sent in wrath to work thy fall;
Perchance to-day thy woes may cease—to-morrow
May bring thee joys that will dispel them all:
He who is wiser than earth's sons and daughters
Knows what is best, and scourgeth but to bless;
When thou art least aware, grief's bitter waters
Will be transformed into deliciousness.

Brother, faint not; hast thou not known the pleasure
That azure sky and sunshine brings to thee
After thou hast enjoyed a dreary measure
Of storms and clouded sky or angry sea?
And dost thou still refuse, in wanton blindness,
To see a blessing, even in distress?
And canst thou, in return for loving kindness,
Tender a spirit of unthankfulness?

Brother, faint not; love is refined by crosses,
And hearts grow cold when dead to hopes and fears;
We cherish most what we have won by losses;
The purest joy is ever mix'd with tears:
Cease to repine, the storm may now be breaking,
And sunshine soon will chase the clouds away;
A rest remains when, all thy woes forsaking,
Joy shall be perfected in endless day.

When the Brown is Mixed with Gray

JOHN M. STAHL.

STANDING in the doorway waiting
All impatient for his tread,
With the level sunbeams making
Golden crowns upon her head—
Golden brown his sweetheart's tresses
As she waits at close of day:
Will she wait for his caresses
When the brown is mixed with gray?

Hard, indeed, the long hours' labor
'Neath the burning sun to plow,
But he feels he is rewarded
By the scene that greets him now.
Longing for her lovelit glances
He has labored all the day:
Will he long as life advances—
When the brown is mixed with gray?

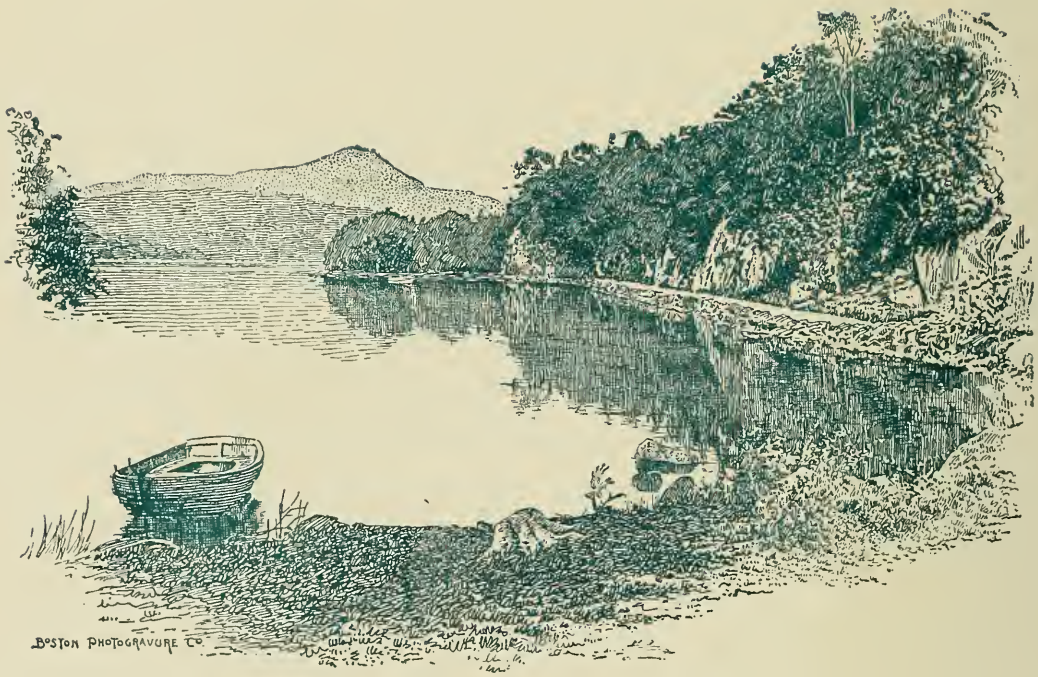
Ah, her watchful eyes have spied him,
She is coming down the path;
Surely wealthiest prince of India
No such precious treasure hath!
Will she watch that she may meet him,
Tripping lightly down the way,
Will she kiss him as she greets him,
When the brown is mixed with gray?

A Grey Day by the Sea

MRS. J. H. ROGERS.

A COLD, dark sky of ashen grey.
A bare, brown, desolated earth—
With dreary monotone its dull continuous plaint
The leaden waves beat moaning on the shore.
Above, below, not yet on dark and turbid waves
Gleams there on ray or hint of sun
Save at the dark horizon's edge,
Where earth, and wave, and sky
Seem blended in a hopeless ashen pall,
A soft, faint gleam of light,
A golden whisper sweet and low
Accents the line and to the dying day
Makes promise of to-morrow's warmth and light.

And is this Life? That hopeless somber sky?
This brown, burnt somber earth and pitiless rock—
With raw, crude colors unrefined by fire
Like passionate souls, untried, unpurified?
Oh, cold blank Fate of hopeless Circumstance!
Against whose pitiless strength the suffering tide.
Of human life beats groaning without hope!
Oh! heartless earth and heaven! Oh! cruel Life!
Is there no help? Yea—even now the east
With soft, faint, tremulous radiance is gleaming
Presaging to despairing, desperate hearts,
A deathless hope of coming light and life,
Take heart, oh, weary one, of Hope's faint promise given.
Of tender healing Motherhood of Nature
Of faithful, loving Fatherhood of God
Of loyal, gracious Brotherhood of Man.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Upon the River

THOS. J. FARLEY.

THE sunlight fades upon the river
At close of day;
Its beams of golden glory quiver
And die away!
And in the tinted shades they make
The drowsy blossoms bend and shake
The wavelets in the splendor play
Upon the river.

With grandest light the sun is beaming
When the day is done;
A night of rest through twilight's gleaming
Day's toil has won.
Appearing stars, the "queen of night,"
Reflect the sun's just vanished light;
Dispensing rest—so fades the sun
Upon the river.

So when the day of life is ended
And all its play,
And all its toil in peace are blended,
A good life may
Unto the soul grant rest—and then
Its brightest acts be reproduced in men;
Thus let life's sunlight pass away
On time's vast river.

Stonewall Jackson

M. H. M. ADAM.

EACH war-scarred veteran who stands
To-day with bowed uncovered head
Above long buried hopes, as bend
Grief-stricken mothers o'er their dead,
Must feel within his loyal heart
Some throbbing of the old time pride,
As when beneath the "stars and bars"
They met the foemen side by side.

We drift on memory's silvery wave
Back through the tide of pulsing years,
To blood stained, sacred shrines where rose
The incense of a nation's tears;
To purple altars where we laid
Our bravest, truest and our best—
To battle fields where those we loved
Sank down to an immortal rest.

Ah! who among this gallant band
Could look with careless, tearful eyes
Upon the quiet, lowly mound
Where glorious STONEWALL JACKSON lies?
He 'rose beyond all other men,
To none was such deep homage given
Earth, all unworthy, lifted up
Her richest, rarest gift to heaven.

The very angels bent their heads
In silence as his spirit passed,
And veiled their gold-fringed eyes before
The dazzling splendor that it cast.

The cause we loved and lost went down
  Trailing its tattered robes in gore
But every Southern heart must hold
  It sacred for the hopes it bore.

And if within its fleeting life
  No other light nor glory shone.
This were enough—against the world
  Brave Lee and Jackson were our own.
Our cause was theirs, their triumphs ours
  For us Lee lived and Jackson died;
No banner ever blushed to wave
  O'er two such heroes side by side.

And down the ages yet to come
  Their deeds will peerless glory shed.
When victors and the vanquished shall
  Alike lie silent—with the dead.
And we who gather here to-day
  May yield the tribute of our tears
For those we loved who wore the gray
  And bravely fought for four long years.

The Past and Future

N. A. WOODWARD.

AS fades from sight the vale—the winding stream,
And landscape fair—when daylight wraps her robes
Of golden splendor round her ruddy form,
And seeks repose beneath the western sky,—
So disappear, in age, our childish dreams—
The gay companions that were gathered then—
The hallowed places which we knew of old—
The paths once trod—with flowers thickly strewn,—
Whose hidden pebbles bruised our heedless feet;—
The rugged road that early manhood sought,
And traveled o'er;—the ceaseless toil and strife
Of after years, with their bewildering cares—
And bustling diligence—that shunned repose—
As weary oft, and worn, we battled on
From day to day, to reach some distant goal.
As age creeps on—and shadows fall around,
At twilight's hour, in thoughtful silence wrapt—
We oft recall glad days of by-gone years.
Yet who can e'er depict the forms that rise,
When memory doth wave her magic wand
Above the closing portals of the past,
And conjures up the varied scenes of yore—
The hills and dales—the flowery meads—the rills,
And rippling brooks—the by-ways smoothly worn
By playful feet—the youthful throng, whose lips
With gayety and mirth were bubbling o'er—
The changeful skies and fleecy-shifting clouds,
Which fertile fancy wrought in pictured shapes,
Now tinged by distance with a golden hue,

That doth adorn the olden pathway trod,
When hope was young—and expectation wore
A radiant crown—to fade—alas! too soon!
As deeper shadows fall with gathering years,
And shut the gladsome sunlight from the view,
What tongue can tell the anxious thoughts that rise
Unbidden, as the eager eye is strained
To catch some outline of our future lot,
And sees but gloomy shapes and dismal clouds,
That hide a rugged path o'er craggy steeps,
And up interminable mountain sides!
Yet, since the future none can tell or know—
'Twere wiser far, with joyous—trustful hearts,
To bravely bear whatever ills betide,
As onward in the march of life we tread;
And, till we reach that unknown shore toward which
Each wayward—faltering footstep tends—so live
That faith shall strengthen as the sight grows dim—
And hope within the bosom shall not die.
And though the world at our departure weep,
So live—that we alone—at parting, smile.

The Ivy

JNO. W. EDDY.

THE old church wall is beautiful now
With a covering of silvery sheen,
For the ivy has climbed to the steeple's brow
And hung out its banner of green.

It laid quiet hands on the crumbling stones
And covered their fractures and scars,
And singing of joy in its lapsing tones,
It clambered away toward the stars.

And now it rests on the rough, brown roof,
Like a warp of the leaves of palm,
Filled in with a glinting sun-ray roof,
And touched with an infinite calm.

The brown little sparrow there nestles and sings
'Mong the fairy-framed arbors of leaves,
Or tells his beads from the spray that swings
In the cool of the shadowy eaves.

Or darts anon through the rays of light,
Till their gleams transfigure his crest,
With the glories that sprinkle the sky at night,
When the sun dips into the west.

Or swoops again like a fragment of song
Thrown down from the tune-laden air;
Or lovingly bends o'er the worshipful throng
Like the lingering spirit of prayer.

And my thoughts climb up to a brown little nest
'Mong the leaves of the whispering vine,
Where at last the sparrow goes sweetly to rest
In the lull of the day's decline.

And many a lesson of life I heed
On the beautiful ivy-clad wall—
'Twere better to climb over rough rocks I read
Than never to climb up at all!

And I learn again from the bird in the gleams,
That joy will most surely abide
With those who dwell longest on pleasure-fraught dreams,
Who look most on life's sunny side.

O Maker of sunshine and Giver of rest,
In that other, that heavenly Vine,
May I find rest in a glory-wrought nest
When the day of my life shall decline.

Moonlight Hours

C. H. PRATT.

HOW pleasant at the close of day,
Is lovely Cynthia's glowing ray,
When lovers take a walk:
Among the stars the crescent glows,
As Orion its beauty shows,
And nature's voices talk.

'Tis love's sweet time at cottage-home,
Where rural swains oft sighing come,
Of cupid's joys to tell:
If parents frown, they whisper still,
Moments of ennui to fill,
By true love's magic spell.

O'er mossy grave of sleeping dead,
Do moonlight gleams a curtain spread,
Of gilded, mellow hue:
In midst of planetary space,
Venus is rob'd with golden grace,
Her pathway to pursue.

Sighing, we think of other days,
As memory far backward strays,
To hours of youthful time:
When we, with those who lie in dust,
Did in the future fondly trust,
Unvisited by crime.

As brightly Cynthia gleams in age,
As when, on childhood's spotless page,
We saw unfolding bliss:
We may be poor, we may be old,
Yet Luna smiles as bright as gold,
Though clouds its border kiss.

We'll wait, and trust, and trusting hope,
As we with life's disasters cope,
That we may heaven gain:
That God himself will be the light,
Of "Beulah Land" so pure and bright,
On glory's gilded plain.

To the North Wind

T. BERRY SMITH.

BLOW loud, blow long, blow fierce and strong,
O North wind icy cold,
Grasp all that's free, lock land and sea
In thy relentless hold.

Bring ice, bring snow, bring all you know
Of winter's warlike things,
Yet by my hearth good mistress Mirth
In sweet contentment sings.

Draw barb, draw blade, draw all that's made
To try the world outside,
Strike with thy might, hurt day and night
Till woe the world betide.

Make fears, make tears, make ills and cares,
Send troubles thick and fast,
Yet comfort's here and I've no fear
Of thy relentless blast.

A Violet

MARGARET MAY.

FROM underneath a wayside stone
A violet peeped, with cheerful smile;
And though it blossomed there alone,
I thought 'twas happy all the while.

It drank the blessed sunshine in,
And sweetly gave its best to God,
The little flower my love did win,
Tho' scarcely raised above the sod.

With heavy heart, I sought the wood,
Oppres't with fear of sorrow's pain;
It drew me from my faithless mood
Back to a hopeful trust again.

For in its lowly, modest face
I traced my Father's tender care;
No one, no thing, no scene, no place,
Too small His watchful love to share.

I broke its stem most tenderly.
I kissed it, wondering if it knew
The good its smile had brought to me,
As underneath the stone it grew.

In Cloudland

M. V. DUDLEY.

IN cloudland the sails are all set,
And ready to float away,
No one to follow with fond regret
The vessels that leave to-day!
A message over valleys wide,
And across the rivers deep,
To warn whatever may betide
That the winds are still asleep.

The barks are slipping anchor fast
On yon blue mystic sea;
How long will their strange voyage last?
Where will the clouds' harbor be?
We wonder what is the precious freight
They take on day after day,
At unheard call of some weird fate,
To never at one port stay;
But moving, moving slowly on,
With a spell they cannot break!
Like phantom ships at early dawn,
And no billows in their wake.

In Memoriam

To the Prince Imperial of France.

A. L. MONROE.

HIS DEPARTURE.

I SAW a youth upon a vessel stand
And heard the mother sob a sad farewell,
I saw her tears, and her fond bosom swell
As his proud ship sailed seaward from the strand;
I heard the flopping of her sails on high,
That bore him onward to his destiny.
I saw him gaze upon his native land
As o'er the Biscayon waves it rose to view,
The vine-clad hills, and sunny fields of France;
I heard him breathe to them a fond adieu,
I saw bright visions sparkle in his eye,
The rapture of his high and eagle glance,
But could not see the fatal Zulu lance,
That sped his name to immortality.

HIS LANDING AND DEATH.

I saw his vessel ride with favoring gales,
And safely anchor on that sable shore,
"Where midnight listens to the lions roar;"
I saw the seamen crowd her trembling rails,
And furl aloft her white and flowing sails;
I saw him mount his gay and gallant steed
And foremost into ambushed danger speed,
Where evermore a savage reign prevails.
I heard the Zulus still and stealthy tread,
And saw at him their shining weapons hurled,
That rent an Empire, and that shocked a world;
I saw his life-blood flowing warm and red,
With none but foes to see him pass away
In Afric's wilds, on that sad summer day.

THE RECOVERY OF HIS REMAINS.

Dull leaden clouds along the mountains hung,
The nearer hills are clad in darkening mist,
The orb of day the fleeting vapors kissed.

Near that black vail where night her shadows flung,
Around the kraal the English squadrons swung
In strong array above the peerless dead,
With martial steps the holy rites were read,
In quiet tones, with trembling lips—no tongue
Spake loud command—no murmur shook the air,
With arms reversed they marched the course they come
With hearts subdued, they bore the hero there,
Who scaled, so young, the shining cliffs of fame
While strong in death he rose a victor true
O'er British hearts—that child of Waterloo.

HIS RETURN AND BURIAL.

Far lies the land to which his ship must go,
All hearts are sad that meet him on that shore,
And eyes are dim that beamed on him before,
As forth he sailed to meet the savage foe,
On his young breast to feel the fatal blow,
That made much people mourn and weep with her
For whom there is but One sure comforter,
To soothe her pangs of bitterness and woe,
The childless mother and the widowed spouse.
Oh! flags of England, droop above his grave;
Oh! soil of England, safely keep his dust;
Ye oaks of England, high above him wave,
In requiems o'er his grave at Chiselhurst,
In sighs with her sad heart at Comden House.

Adrift

ALTON E. BULLARD.

A SAILOR lashed to floating spars
Watches the sun, the moon and stars
That seem to mock and sail away,
Returning with the night and day

Drifting upon the ocean wide,
Now here, now there, upon the tide;
Drifting, it seems in boundless space,
Floating alone, an endless race.

Floating, floating, now east, now west,
Upon the waves that never rest;
Bourne to the far-off Southern clime,
Adrift, for an eternal time.

Adrift! no voice, no sound is heard
Save now and then some monster bird
That sails with shriek so lightly by,
Leaving behind dark waves and sky.

Adrift upon the angry wave,
Whose arms reach out an open grave:
His face is wet with tears and dew,
Of which the sailor's wife ne'er knew.

October

F. A. SIKES.

NOW as autumn taps us gently,
And her leaves are turning brown,
We can see on yonder's hill-top
Charming beauty painted 'round.

We can see in forests wide,
And are glad to welcome them,
Tints of gold and crimson hue
Which are nature's sweetest gem.

In the hollows, on the hill-side,
In the forests where we roam,
We can see the festive squirrel
Bearing treasure to his home.

In the fields of yellow corn grain
Where the flowers are known no more,
We can see the farmer busily
Gathering in his winter's store.

We can see with looks of sorrow,
Where the cruel frosts have laid
To their earthly beds the daisies
And the meadow's topmost blade.

Yet 'mid the frost and flying leaves
And the absence of the flowers,
We can know some pleasure waits us
At the dawn of winter hours.

Would You Regret

JOSIE D. HENDERSON-HEARD.

WOULD you regret,
If I within my shroud
Lay dead,
My voice forever still
In death's embrace so chill,
The words you've said
Would you regret
That we had met?

Would you regret,
As with the busy throng
You pressed your way
Along,
You nevermore should see
Or win a smile from me
Would you regret
That we had met?

Would you regret
As o'er my form you bent
And sought one more
Embrace,
'Ere yet the coffin lid
Forevermore had hid
From you my face,
Would you regret
That we had met?

Would you regret
If I no more should stand
Thy clasped hand
In mine,
The while your sheltering arm
Safe shielded me from harm
Would you regret
That we had met?

Would you regret
If to the silent tomb
Strong arms should bear
Me, hence;
Ah, dearest, would you miss
My warm impassioned kiss,
Would you regret
That we had met?

Would you regret
That you had weary been
With my short comings often
Sorely tried,
Because forsooth one day
I claimed to have my way,
Your will defied,
Will you regret
That we had met?

Would calm regret
Persuade you to the spot
Where I were lowly laid,
Would you bend low and shed
A tear
Above me calmly sleeping there,
The words you've said
Would you regret,
Alas! That we had met.

The South Land

MANLIUS T. FLIPPIN.

O REALM of the south land, fair clime of the sun!
Whose birds and whose blossoms enrapture the sight;
Whose valleys of emerald and mountains of dun,
Smile sweetly in day time and gleam through the night.

The sheen on thy meadows, the blue of thy sky,
Shine on and forever with passionate glow;
And the morn, noon and evening unfold to the eye
Thy wild wealth of flowers of crimson and snow.

There the best gifts of spring-time forever remain,
And the fruits and the blossoms their seasons prolong;
There the sweet-scented breezes float over the plain,
And bear on their bosoms the incense of song.

There the queen-like palmetto, the myrtle and vine,
And the wild waste of blossoms environ the maze;
While the moss covered cypress and whispering pine,
Throw over the valleys a soft summer haze.

'Tis there the weird moonbeams are wandering through
The ruins of castles distinguished in story;
And there that the shimmer and sparks of the dew,
And the shine of the astral, unite in their glory.

It is there, it is there that the murmuring palm
Bends over and kisses the clear crystal wave;
It is there that the flow'rets in the night's holy calm,
Dip down in the waters, their beauties to lave.

O beautiful south-land! the shrine of the heart!
Land of the banana, the lemon and lime!
No sky and no clouds, no sun can impart
Such a wild wealth of passion as glows in thy clime.

And oh! with what fervor the heart must adore
The notes of thy soft harp, the song of thy bird;
While the sea-waves that break on the gray, rocky shore,
Make music the wildest the ear ever heard.

Thy picture, bright clime! shall glow in my breast—
Thy sun-rays, in fancy around me shall beam;
And shrined in my heart still thy glories shall rest
Forever and aye, like some beautiful dream.

Smile on, blessed land! thou art lovely and lorn,
With thy deep-tangled wild-wood and shadowy hills;
Still back on the tide of my mem'ry is born
The sound of thy cascades, the song of thy rills.

O bright, sunny South, though shattered and torn,
And rent by the strife of war-darkened years;
Though broken, and bleeding, and mangled and shorn,
Thy beauty and glory still smile through thy tears.

And now that the war cloud obscure thee no more,
Remember thine honor, thy glory remains;
And the wealth and the worth that adorned thee of yore,
Shall, Phœnix-like, rise from the wreck of thy plains.

The Prodigal Daughter

LARRY CHITTENDEN.

IN the springtime of youth, in life's early morning,
When the blossoms were blowing from the old apple trees,
And wisteria vines with their purple adorning,
Were wooing the zephyrs and rich yellow bees,
The prodigal came to the home of his leaving,
Where he played in the daisies a light-hearted boy,
And they welcomed him back, with the tears of receiving,
And twining affection, and murmurs of joy.

When the cold winds of winter were sighing so dreary
Around the old house by the murmuring shore,
The prodigal daughter, all tired and weary,
Crept back to the home of her girlhood once more.
But they turned her away, o'er the moorland so lonely,
And the winds of despair moaned wild through her breast,
And death was her refuge, aye, that, and that only,
For the prodigal daughter alas has no rest!

A Midnight Revery

J. H. EDWARDS.

THE startled echoes, brood of dreary sounds
Awoke my midnight hammer, back return!
Aroused from sleepy silence, sharp they burn
The smitten conscience, which, amidst the mounds
Of buried dead (the graves new-made in grounds
Uncultivate, the burial place and stern
Of slighted good), now seeks a short sojourn
Where all but it with peaceful rest abounds.
But precious Time, the blest God-given Time
Allowed to run to waste, repeats its knell,
As each unwelcome hammer strikes its chime.
My God! how startling rings that stricken bell!
How truly conscience mourns the horrid crime
Of ill-spent time? O Wasted Hours, farewell!

Christmas Hymn

FRANCIS BURDETT NASH.

SING to all the Gracious Story,
Of the Savior and His Glory,
Born to us this Day.
To the want of Man Appealing,
Came the Word of God Revealing,
Peace on Earth this Day.
Long in Darkness, Long in Sadness.
Earth had waited, Now in Gladness,
We Remember; We Remember,
This is Christmas Day.

We Remember all its Meaning,
To a World in Shadow Dreaming,
Of some Better Day.
Might was King and Pride Victorious,
Called its Reign of Evil Glorious,
In the World that Day.
Now the Golden Law of Duty,
Pleads for Love in all its Beauty,
Christ the Gentle, Christ the Loving,
Reigns on Earth To-day.

Tell abroad the Deathless Story,
Of His Life, His Love, His Glory,
Gifts to us this Day.
Give your Praises, give your Treasure,
Sing in Strains of Noblest Measure,
Peace on Earth To-day.
Pine and Fir and Cedars o'er Us,
While we Swell the Grateful Chorus,
We Remember; We Remember,
This is Christmas Day.

Our Father's Home

EMMA EUGENIE BLOUNT.

THERE is a land far, far away,
Where night ne'er comes but endless day
Shines brightly on, serenely calm,
For all tossed souls a holy balm.

There hearts may rest from earthly strife
Endowed with that bright Angel life,
And praise their God with ceaseless joy
Who gave to them such sweet employ.

Who gave His Son, His only Son
That we from sin might all be won,
That we to Him might gladly go
And perish not in endless woe.

We'll take his hand and follow Him,
And fear not phantoms dark and grim;
With Him to lead we'll find the way
And hail with joy that beauteous day.

Wouldst know that land? it is sweet Heaven
To weary souls and pilgrims given,
And there we'll meet on that bright shore
To dwell with Christ forevermore.

Wild Roses

O. E. YOUNG.

WILD roses bloom by the brooklet's side,
Where it sleeps in a deep, dark pool,
And the waving trees of the forest hide
Fresh moss in their shadows cool.
They star the billowy banks of green,
Each nodding its caly bright,
As the wandering breezes glide in between
Caressing with touch so light.

No gaudy flower from a florist's stand,
No pampered and scentless thing,
But a blossom fresh as from God's own hand,
Drinking deep from the crystal spring,
With a heart like the heart of a shell of pearl
Down under the cool, green sea,
As bright as the cheek of a blushing girl
In her maidenly modesty.

But rude hands, touching the slender stem,
May scatter the leaves it bore,
And the fair flower, pure as a priceless gem,
Lie shattered forevermore.
Yet the careless hand and the selfish soul
Spoil the blossoms of light and joy;
And, alas! wild roses are not the whole
That a rude touch can destroy.

Seeking the Light

LESTER M. HOUCH.

A ROSE tree climbed by the window side,
Coronated over with green,
And ambient kisses of sun-lit May,
And crystal dews at the close of day,
Moved the pearly buds that folded hide
The crown of the summer's queen.

Under the steps of stone so cold,
Under the steps in dearth and mold
A strong root ran that felt the life
Of the outside world with beauty rife—
And it peeped a tendril up to see
If any chance of growth could be:
Not a hint was there of sun or dew,
Not a gleam of light the darkness through;
Only cobwebs and clay and pebbles and dust,
It must grow through these, if grow it must.

The roses bloomed by the window side,
Creamy and sweet and fair;
The royal crowns of a royal June,
The gold of a summer's golden noon;
Cups of the Gods, distilling wide,
Ambrosia on the air.

Above the steps of stone so cold,
Above the steps a tale was told
Of life that would live because it *must*,
Of life and growth in darkness and dust;
For a green leaf smiled at the flow'rets fair,
Showering their glory everywhere;
And more to me than the roses gold,
Was the wealth of praise one leaf could hold.
Ah, leaf as brave! how many there be
In human life, seeking *light* like thee!

A Song

W. V. LAWRANCE

SHE sat where the sunlight was falling,
Soft blows the wind o'er the lea!
Gay birds in their love notes were calling,
Sweetly from hedge-row and tree.

She sighed as she thought of her lover,—
Soft sighs the wind o'er the lea,—
For long has he now been a rover
Tossed on the waves of the sea.

"Oh, sing, merry birds!" cried the maiden,—
Low sings the wind o'er the lea,—
"Ah, sing! since my heart heavy-laden
Joins not your sweet minstrelsy.

"Each bird seeks its mate in these bowers,"—
Low sobbed the wind o'er the lea,—
"The sunshine and dews kiss the flowers,
No one has kisses for me."

But hark to a step swiftly nearing,—
Hushed grew the wind o'er the lea,—
"Sweet Jenny!" came softly, endearing,
"Love brings sweet kisses to thee!"

She laughs through glad tears softly flowing,—
Low laughs the wind o'er the lea,—
Her cheeks hot with kisses are glowing,
Kisses brought over the sea!

Is it not Like?

HENRY W. NAISBITT.

THIS life is like an English lane,
By summer draped in living green;
We try to pierce beyond, in vain,
It dwindles to a point unseen!

Yet as we pass, anon we trace,
Far reaching vistas through the trees;—
The distant city, spires of grace,
The silvery stream, or tidal seas!

Silence at hand, but turning life,
Not far, yet distant, farther yet,
This earth and man, for ever rife,
Though rising sun or solemn set!

So all existence, bounded seems,
'Tis veiled from sight at either end,
Yet oft the loneliest have their dreams,
Of mists, past or present trend!

And then, the vistas open out,
Beyond life's narrow weary round;
A backward look, the forward route,
Eternities the only bound!

Oh swelling life, the past was mine,
The present but the leafy lane,
Far o'er the horizon doth shine,
The life to come, *the past again!*

The Stars Shine Out

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD.

THE stars shine out and gild the sky,
Softly the night winds breathe and sigh;
And as the world fades from my sight
I feel the presence of the night
Wrapped in its strange deep mystery.

Dark vapors rise—their fingers lie
Coldly upon my brow, but I
Lift up my startled gaze, and bright
The stars shine out.

Trust on, sad heart, nor question why
The shadows and the night draw nigh.
The mists of doubt will melt in light
God's face will put them all to flight
Till then, look up, for still on high
The stars shine out.

The Coming of Night

THEO C. ATCHISON.

NIGHT comes slowly through the vale,
With dark hair streaming in the breeze
And clinging wildly 'mong trees,
A muttering low her sad heart's wail.
Eyes strangely wild, darkness creeping in her trail.
Now bares her brown, strong arm to seize
Soft rays that chance to remain, these
Crushes madly in her hands, then to the gale
Unlooses them. Next with a frown,
And rising anger in her eyes,
And face all dark with gloomiest scorn
Mounts upward, and in heaven's crown
Puts glistening stars; then from the darkening skies
Decends and drowsily waits the morn.

Lessons of Life

W. F. FONVIELLE.

LONG years, oh yes, they come and go,
Our loved ones pass away;
And through God's kindness we are left,
To wait some other day.
Just as the flowers bloom and fade,
Man lives out his existence,
Both are subject to his sway,
Both crave for his assistance.

The seasons change, as all things do,
While time keeps on its rolling.
The child is born — to manhood grown —
Some bell for him is tolling.

Our lessons learned, we are not through
With all of time's endeavor;
We only wait some other change
To waft us on forever.
All strewn along the beach of life
Are wrecks like driftwood lying;
They're only mistakes, here and there
Washed on the sea beach — drying.

The sun shone bright, the sea was calm
When these first left the landing,
But life's mad waves have lashed them all
And one by one they're stranding.

Summer Night

MRS. L. B. MARQUIS

O SOFTLY the south wind is blowing to-night,
And the stars are their vigils keeping,
While the shadows play with the breezes light
In each nook where the moon is peeping.

And the day-world's noise and its hurrying throng,
Are passed, with all passionate feeling,
And the dreamy lull of the insect song,
O'er my senses is softly stealing.

Just under my window a cricket sings
Of the summer evening's glory,
And a whip-poor-will in an alder swings,
And breathes to the night his sad story.

Where a tiny brook on its way to the sea,
Like a silvery thread is gleaming,
The blossoms that woke at the song of the bee,
Of his flattering love-words are dreaming.

High up in a sheltering maple tree
Where the green leaves are gently flitting,
A robin chirps in his dreamy glee,
To the mother-bird near him sitting.

O summer night thou hast treasures as fair,
As the pictures seen in a vision,
And songs as sweet as are breathed on the air
Of the beautiful land—Elysian.

T

A Twilight Dream

MRS. O. C. JONES.

HAND clasped in hand, midst the clover we walked,
In the gloaming long ago;
The moonbeams kissed the peach blooms pink,
Coquettishly peeping to and fro.
How the stars blinked in the calm, azure sky;
How the moon smiled down, with inquisitive eye,
While the sweet south wind came prying by,
And the still hours of the night drew nigh.
Yet hands clasped in the orchard path we walked,
And—*zoe mou, sas agapo*—fondly talked,
In the gloaming long ago.

Ah, how the old, old love comes back
As I think of it to-night;
Strange such a silly, idle dream
A woman's heart can blight;
For love is only a blosom of June—
The waning light of the changing moon—
The sweetest note of a tender tune
That floats on a lovely afternoon,
Charming the heart and the senses away,
Alluring us on with enchanting lay,
That endeth all to soon.

'Twas only a dream—tis over now,
We have cast the barble away,
And we'll forget the broken thing
That in fragments around us lay;
Yet oh, how oft in my dreams I see
A vision of joy that used to be,
My soul is sad with a memory
Of flowers and moonlight, love and thee,
In dreams we walked in that silvery light,
Hand clasped in hand, as that summer's night,
When our hearts were happy and free.

"*Zoe mou, sas agapo*"—whispers a flower,
Hush, hush! she must never know,
You bartered our troth for a golden dower—
'Tis better that it were so.
Oh, love is a bird that comes with spring;
When cold winds blow it plumes its wing
And flies away, yet still will ring
Through lonely years its echoing.
The moombeams fade, and the soft winds sigh,
For the phantom of love is passing by,
Yet—'tis only imagining.

At Love's Gate

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

LOVE came to me one summer day
Amid the mounds of fragrant hay,
Laughed in my face, and went his way.

Again, when autumn woods aflame
With gold and scarlet were, he came,
And whispered low a dainty name.

And when the hills grew white with snow,
And high north winds began to blow,
He passed me by with footsteps slow.

And now I wonder, will he bring
His priceless gift when robins sing,
And blossoms fleck the path of spring?

For by the roadway to his gate,
Clad as befits my lowly state,
Humbly, a suppliant I wait.

Compensation

W. V. LAWRANCE.

IF it were truly known
To the young bud just bursting into bloom
That such sweet death led to forgotten tomb,
Yet should it haste to be a rose full-blown,
Although that bloom the richer life destroy,
Since dying thus gives joy.

Nor should the lark be dumb;
The skies are his to cleave with joyous wing,
And songs ecstatic soaring there to sing,
Whose melodies float through the years to come:
Should he, through fear of death, refuse his song,
He doth the world a wrong!

The world is full of love:
Some empty heart for want of it is sad;
One breath blown warm will make that faint heart glad!
O heart love full! wilt thou refuse to move
Because, perchance, false hearts will love betray?
Give what thou canst alway.

It is not self alone,—
Nay, less of self and more of all beside
Makes joy so sweet! Our hearts should open wide
If in them Love, or Song, or Rose unblown:
Of what we have, we should most freely give,
And thus life twofold live.

Dead

MRS. H. B. CARTER.

HUSH and tread softly, our darling is dead,
The wind sings a requiem over his head,
Away from our sight they have laid him to rest,
Bitter and sorrow, but God knoweth best.

Hush and tread softly, our darling hears not,
He has laid down his armor, his battle is fought,
He knows not our sorrow, he sees not our tears,
He heeds not our anguish, nor quiet our fears.

Hush and tread softly, our darling is gone,
Away from his kindred, away from our home,
The boatman pale came, at the dip of his oar
He left us and crossed to the beautiful shore.

Hush and tread softly, oh, darling, oh why
Were you taken from us? oh why must you die?
Our home is so desolate, we are sadly bereft,
Thou our only treasure, not one have we left.

Hush and tread softly, our hearts would be broken
Save for God's love, of which this is a token;
He has chastened us sorely in infinite love,
That we rest our affections in heaven above.

Hush and tread softly, none but Jesus just now
Can comfort our hearts or lessen our woe,
Submissive we bow, to the Rock did we fly,
Its shelter our refuge as the storm passes by.

"He Answered the Call on High"

To the memory of General Ulysses S. Grant.

ENOCH J. SALT.

LIFE'S battle fought, the victory won —
The smoke has cleared, which hid the sun,
Death's foes advance the spoils to claim,
And glory in the victory gained.

So long he struggled in the fight,
And battled with disease's might;
Till death, with armies strong, rides up —
"Fall back!" is heard, it is enough.

Ah death, the victory is thine,
But Heaven has called him into line;
With measured steps the march begin,
To glory's camp and joys within.

"Part ranks!" Ye soldiery on high —
With "arms presented" hear the cry;
A conquering hero joins our band
Whose name was praised in yonder land.

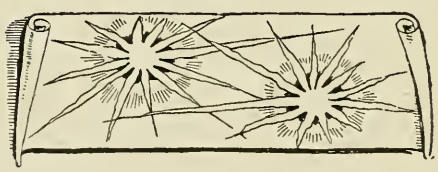
"Right face!" now march, ye seraphs bright,
Another soul has swelled your might —
March on through fields of golden light,
"Halt! Halt! before the God of right."

Ah, could we hear the just decree,
The nation loved and honored thee;
No battles here to lose or gain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or pain.

The armies here come not to strife,
But lead a peaceful, joyous life.
"Attention!" angels, place the crown.
In Eden's walks now lead him down.

"Why, comrades, know you —" yes, 'tis true,
I know you all who wore the blue;
Our battles now are through at last,
In heaven's bright clime your hand I grasp.

"'Twas yesterday I heard the call,
King Death demanded life and all;
I stopped not then to ask him why,
But promptly answered the call on high."



Those Willow Whistles Like My Grandpa Used to Make

TED RANTZ.

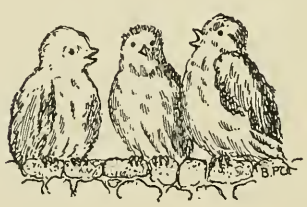
TO me the sweetest music
Keeps ringing in my ears,
Though those strains have long grown silent,
Deep buried in the years;
Though I know the skilled musician
In agony would quake
At the shrieking of those whistles
Like my grandpa used to make.

A thousand recollections
Rise up with every note
Of that high, squeaky music
That from bygone days does float;
I think of that capricious creek
That rippled through the brake
As I hear those willow whistles
Like my grandpa used to make.

When he and I were children--
He was eighty, I was eight—
I loved those trips to grandpa's farm,
For them could hardly wait;
Then grandpa through the woods would plod,
I'd toddle in his wake,
Tooting on a willow whistle
Like my grandpa used to make.

How I admired grandpa's farm!
The creek for fish was great,
And in that mucky prairie ground
I found such dandy bait!
And quickly did those willow swamps
My youthful fancy take:
They'd make so many whistles
Like my grandpa used to make.

I know you'll think it foolish—
But something's in my throat
As those childish fancies
Through my memory do float.
I but ask you not to laugh at me
For being such a "Jake"
As to dream of willow whistles
Like my grandpa used to make.



A Sea Thought

HELENA M. TUCKER.

BUDS the sunbeams never quickened,
Leaves that never felt the breeze,
Torn from darkest depths of ocean
Relics, children, of the seas.
On the rocks their trailing garlands
Dripping, bruised and broken cling,
While upon the cliffs are tossing
Myriad flowers of the spring,
Which 'neath azure skies are glowing
In the sunlight bright and warm,
Knowing not the strife and turmoil
Of the storm.

Some there are as gay and careless
In their glad prosperity,
As the bright hued wild flowers nodding
On the cliffs above the sea;
For their hearts are filled with pleasures,
And their thoughts are of their own.
So they care not for the struggles,
Griefs, and trials, of those thrown
Like the sea-weeds, by the breakers,
On the rocks each ruined form
Marred and broken—a grim relic
Of life's storm.

The Garden Seat

THEODORE C. ATCHISON.

WHERE the river, softly winding creeps along the vale
With the moonlight shimmering on it, faint and pale,
Ivy-covered now and hidden from the way of passing feet,
And with flowers springing 'round it sits the crumbling garden seat.

There's a throng of memories stealing from the past's dark tomb.
Some are glad and cheering, and some are full of gloom,—
'Tis joy with sadness enshrouded for the past and present meet
When I stand alone and pensive beside the crumbling garden seat.

Hushed and silent now the voices that murmured sweetly low
Words of love and hope's ambitions in the long ago;
Folded now the hands that wearied with the labor's toil and heat
Came to woo and rest at evetide on the crumbling garden seat.

Here have children played and frolicked in the days gone by—
Lifetime's happy springtide hours, Oh, too soon ye fly!—
Silver-haired, now bowed and going on slow trembling feet
They are yearning for the quiet of the crumbling garden seat

Here came she my queenly beauty whose fair lustrous eyes
Far outshone the stars above us, mirrored in the skies.
Pure and holy, ah! and happy as when heaven's angels meet
Was our meeting at the evetide on the crumbling garden seat

But I've drained to dregs the chalice that my lips so soon had pressed—
Closed in death the eyes of wonder, quiet now her faithful breast,
And I'm seeking, vainly looking, for the joyous, laughing greet
Of the face that smiled up at me from the crumbling garden seat.

By the river that softly winding, creeps along the vale
With the moonlight shimmering on it faint and pale;
With its memories sad and lonely and from way of passing feet,
With the flowers springing 'round it sits the crumbling garden seat.

The Swiss "Good-Night"

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

NOW somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy-crowned summits lift far overhead!

'Tis the sweet "Alpine hour," when the night is descending
To brood o'er the homes where the cottagers dwell;
And the sweet *Ranz des Vaches* no longer is blending
With silence — 'tis evening, the time of farewell.

And yet once again the huntsman is taking
His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the door.
Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking —
"*Praise the Lord God, evermore! — evermore!*"

Clear, sharp and distinct, down the mountains repeating,
In solemn succession voice answereth voice,
Till e'en the lost chamois will hush his wild bleating,
And the heart of the forest awake and rejoice.

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing,
It rolls like a pæan of triumph above,
Till ev'ry grand summit and tall peak is singing
While bathed in the smile and halo of love!

O magical hour! O soul-offered duty!
So solemn, instructive, its noble refrain;
What an exquisite scene, when God's rainbow of beauty
Speaks the language of promise to mortals again!

And when all the glory of sunset has faded
From cloud-piercing heights, and the stars twinkle out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-night," repeated
To ev'ry lone dwelling with musical shout!

The chain of affection to God and each other
So perfectly linking and welding aright:
When fondly the accents — "Hail, neighbor and brother!"
Melt in the broad air with — "Good-night, friend,
G o o-d - n-i-g-h-t!"

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